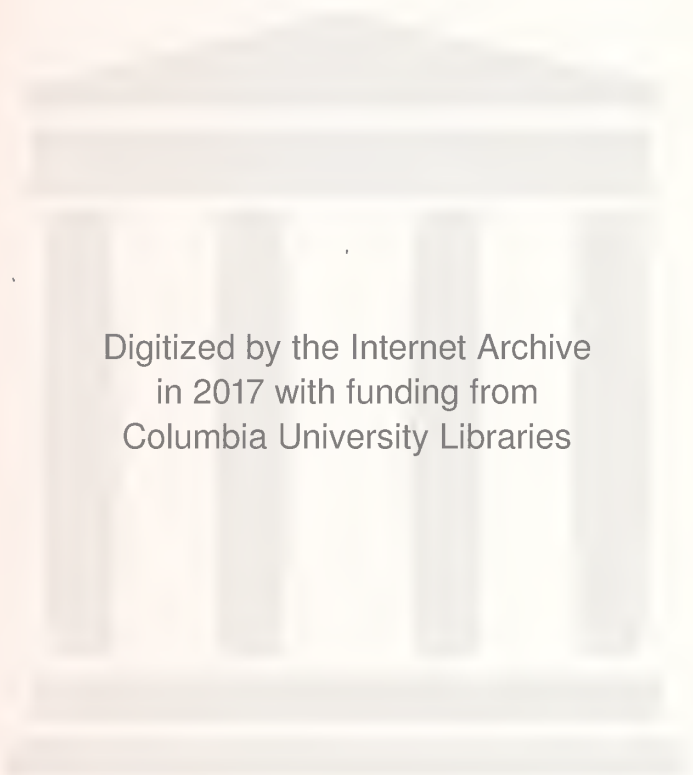


Impresso

THE GOLDEN KEY

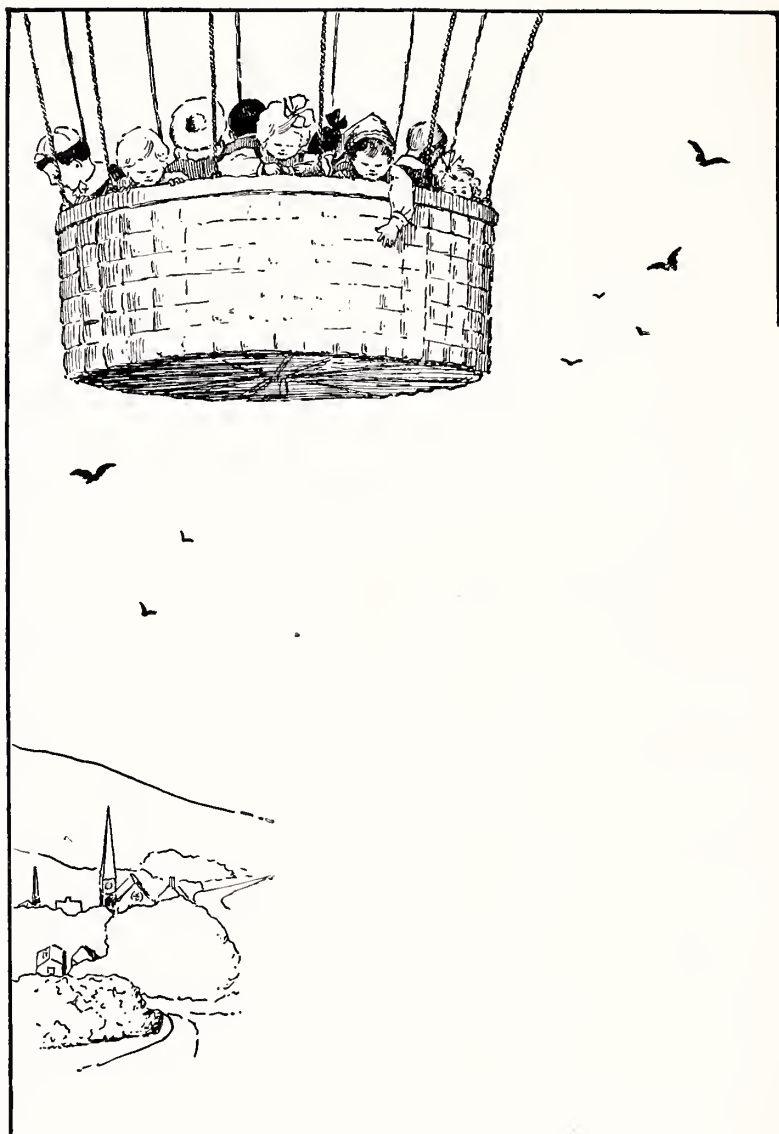


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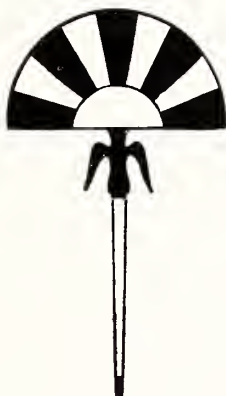
THE GOLDEN KEY

A SKETCH OF MISSION
WORK IN LATIN LANDS

MISSIONARY STUDIES FOR CHILDREN

BY

MARY POTTER ANGELL



ISSUED BY THE
CENTRAL COMMITTEE ON THE UNITED STUDY OF MISSIONS

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CONTENTS

Introduction	iii
1. From New York to Naples.	1
2. From Naples to Paris	17
3. From Paris to Madrid	29
4. Westward Ho with Columbus	44
5. From Mexico City to Santiago, Chile	58
6. From Santiago to New York	72
7. Review	87
8. A Golden Gift at Christmas Time	92

INTRODUCTION

DEAR JUNIOR LEADER:

You will pardon me, will you not, as I here and now confess that, in preparing the little sketch of missions in the papal countries, I have been thinking more about the boys and girls than about you, thinking with them and using their simple terms of expression. And yet I trust that in doing this I may have been assisting you to present to them a rather difficult subject.

The little book may be used in two ways. First, you may make the information and, if you like, the story form your own, presenting each chapter as a narrative at the missionary meeting. Second, the children may be encouraged to purchase the book for themselves, or the Society or Band may secure a sufficient number of copies so that all may read, dialogue fashion, the older ones or better readers personating the "Crew," with yourself for captain and the members in general the "Passengers" of the "airship."

Whatever the method of using the book, the "journeys" should be carefully outlined on a map of the world, a school wall-map or a home-made one. Scarlet lines, or threads, stretched from point to point will assist the memory and add interest to the study.* Pictures, too, we should have, many of scenes, famous buildings, people and mission stations in the countries visited. The Society may be divided into a "*Travelers' Club*" for bringing in additional geographical and historical information; an "*Art League*" for collecting pictures, and a "*Missionary Band*" for presenting missionary facts and stories. The keys to be pasted on the map for indicating centers of missionary activity may be cut from gilt paper by

* The set of pictures furnished by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions will prove invaluable to leaders.

the Juniors themselves, who will enjoy the work. The size of the keys will depend, of course, upon the dimensions of your map.

Within the limited space of this "Junior Book" no attempt has been made to give a complete and systematic account of missions in the twenty-three countries "visited." For that I refer you to the book for missionary societies by Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., and Mrs. Clark, cordially urging you to lay the foundation of your teaching broad and deep by its careful study. It has been my purpose to give the children a living interest in these lands and to show them why Protestant missions to Roman Catholic countries are not only justifiable but needful, in order that these countries may enjoy true Christian liberty. The story of missions naturally follows.

The "airship" journey is only to brighten our study and to speed us onward toward the missionary information which should be emphasized, always impressing the Juniors with its reality and the genuineness of the help that they can give by sympathy, money, and prayer.

In closing, I ask you to do two things. The one is to whisper to your sister, the teacher in the Primary Sunday school, that she has not been forgotten herein. The stories included "for little Ruth" are with loving thought of her and her little people. The other is that you will join me in hearty thanks to Rev. F. E. Clark and Mrs. Clark who, by information through their books and by suggestion, have helped to make interesting and profitable the journey of the "*Speedaway*," to the missionary societies and the American Bible Society who have kindly furnished reports and leaflets, and to the missionary library of the Yale Divinity School.

And may the blessing of Him who calls the children in all lands unto Himself rest upon you.

Faithfully yours,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
February, 1909.

MARY POTTER ANGELL.



JOURNEY NUMBER ONE

BIBLE LESSON: PAUL AT ROME

Romans i. 1, 7-16; Acts xxviii. 11-16, 30, 31.

MEMORY TEXT: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

From New York to Naples

SOME people would speak of it as *Imagination*, others as *Fancy*; many would call it *Make-believe*, but I have named my airship the *Speedaway*.

Come all you Juniors by ones, twos, threes, dozens, and societies, "Little Helpers," "Willing Workers," "Sunbeams," "Rosebuds," and "Busy Bees," north, south, east, and west, come in your own little airships of Make-believe, to New York. The *Speedaway* is floating at anchor above the trees on the Battery looking out toward the harbor.

All aboard! We are off for a long journey together and we must begin at once to get acquainted. The Captain and the Crew are to tell stories and all the Passengers may ask questions.

Steer to the southwest, Pilot.

We really pity the people on the little excursion steamers running over to Bedloe's Island, for they have no sooner gotten away from the pier than *we* are close to the great statue of Liberty, that seems to bid welcome to the thousands of people who come almost every day sailing from all parts of the world into New York Harbor.

"But," says John, the oldest Junior and First Mate, with a twinkle in his eye, "she cannot shake hands with us, for she must keep holding up her torch to enlighten the world."

"Light and liberty!" says thoughtful Grace, the Second Mate. "They always go together, don't they, Captain?"

Suddenly the clear, sweet voice of Gladys, the Captain's Secretary, rings out,

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

The Passengers join heartily and the song echoes back from the high buildings of the great city to be wafted across the bay and far over the Atlantic to the ocean liners that are coming home.

What has made our country the sweet land of liberty?

"The Pilgrim Fathers," Edward, the Purser, answers promptly.

"The Revolutionary War," says Elizabeth, the Steward.

"Good, wise men and women," the Passengers think.

"My uncle says it is the public schools," adds Herbert, the Engineer, impressively.

Those are all good answers, but behind all these is something that you have not thought of yet. Why did the Pilgrim Fathers come to America?

"To worship God as they thought right," Kenneth, the Pilot, answers.

From what book did they learn to worship Him?

"From the Bible," answers every Passenger.

Now you have found the key to our country's light and liberty. We are to visit many other countries to see whether they, too, have this golden key, the Bible, which opens the door to true light and freedom.

Steer to the eastward, Pilot.

Upward we fly and straight across the broad Atlantic, over France and the Alps Mountains.

Down, down we float and we are in an old city upon the

shore of a curving bay. The air is soft and the sky is deep, deep blue. Old, narrow, crooked streets lead down to the wharves where we see all kinds of boats and ships from all lands. Up from the shore are marble palaces, churches, art galleries, and terraced gardens. A line of gray mountains walls in the city on the north, and just beyond are higher peaks that always wear their winter caps of ice.

An old school friend of ours lived in this city, many years ago. I think he looked like Pasquale who lives some blocks away from you, or like Tony who sits across the aisle at school, and it may be that Angela Mazzacani is a very picture of his sister, with her soft, dark eyes and shining braids.

I fancy that our friend and hero, when a boy, used to sit down here on some blackened old wharf looking out over the blue, sparkling bay, dreaming about the things he would do when he became a man. Far beyond the bay and the great sea of which it was a part there was a wide, mysterious ocean. Nobody had ever dared sail just as far as he could upon it; there were monsters on the outer rim and the ships might get too near the edge of the flat, plate-shaped earth and fall off. Far away to the east, across the deserts and the mountains, there was a land called India and a very queer island called Zipangu. How fine it would be if one could reach those countries by sea!

You know the rest, how our friend Christopher Columbus decided when he became a man that the earth was not flat like a plate but round like an apple or a pear, and he could and would reach India by sailing westward, and he found, as he sailed, not the queer Zipangu but our own America.

"It is great," says John, "to think we are sailing over the country that gave us Columbus. I have always felt as if I wanted to say thank you to it."

The best thanks, Juniors, are the giving of help in time of need. Now as we visit Columbus's homeland let us find out

whether Italy needs anything to make her in every way a "sweet land of liberty."

We are speeding down the long line of seacoast; on our left and beneath us are the mountains, green and silver on the slopes, with olive and chestnut trees, bold and craggy and often white with snow above. Little villages perched on the mountain sides and nestling in the valleys, rivers with their arched bridges, and peasant women in the fields with their yellow and red handkerchiefs, all make the prettiest of pictures, and ever on the right stretches away the deep blue Mediterranean Sea.

A dreary, flat country stretches below us, but not for long; low hills appear and then —

"Oh, see the yellow river as crooked as a letter *s*!" cry the Passengers.

"Here's a big city. Part of it is bright and new looking, and part of it is all tumbled down," exclaims Kenneth.

"Oh, I know," says Herbert, the Engineer. "This is Rome. My uncle has been here. He told me about it. It is built on seven hills, and a part of it is all ruins of old palaces and temples and other buildings. The people used to talk Latin."

Right, Herbert. We can see the seven hills now. About eight hundred years before Christ was born there was a little city or town on each hill, each with its own king. The people were often at war, the kings striving to conquer one another, but by and by they learned how much better it is to join in one strong good government and live at peace. So, after a time there came to be the one large city, Rome. It grew greater and more beautiful as the years went by until there was not only the city Rome, but a great Roman empire stretching over nearly all of Europe, northern Africa, and a part of Asia.

The men of Rome were strong and brave and wise in many ways, but they did not know of the one true God who made

all things and who cares for all people. They thought that there were many gods and goddesses and for them they built stately temples and made many images or statues.

The old worship of the Romans passed away long ago, and the ruins that you see are all that remains of their splendid temples and palaces. We could spend weeks or months looking at them. To-day we will visit but one ruin. It was neither a temple nor a palace. Steer to the southeast, Pilot, over the crooked streets; then along a straight one spanned by a fine old arch, and here we are.

"Oh, there's a picture of that old building in the hall, at school!" exclaims Elizabeth, the Steward. "It is the Coliseum! How great and round and high it is! What was it for?"

It is a very wonderful building in every way. A whole cityful of people could find room here. We will go in through one of the eighty great entrance arches and look down the circular space inside. The people gathered here for their entertainments; frightful, cruel shows most of them were, I am sorry to say. Wild beasts, lions, tigers, panthers and bears by the hundreds were hunted in all parts of the known world and brought here to fight each other and make sport for the crowd. Men trained to wrestle also fought with them and with each other and were often slain.

But I must tell you about the saddest part of all. Do you remember how, after the death of Stephen, the disciples were obliged to flee from Jerusalem for their lives, and were scattered in many cities and countries? Very likely some of these disciples came to Rome and were the first missionaries in Italy. At any rate, not many years after Christ's death and resurrection, there were Christians in Rome who were very brave for Him. For there were heathen emperors who hated the disciples of Christ, hunted them out in their homes, persecuted them and brought many men, women, and even children here

to the Coliseum and threw them to the wild beasts. And the crowds that filled the galleries looked on and clapped their hands.

But here is a brighter story. About three hundred years after the death of Stephen, there was a Christian emperor of Rome. He was called Constantine the Great. One night when Constantine was in camp with his army, he thought he saw, flaming bright in the sky among the stars, a cross, and around it he could read the words, "By this sign conquer." That meant, he said to himself, that he was to be a Christian emperor. The followers of Christ were safe after that. Heathen images were torn down and all the cruel sports in the Coliseum were given up.

"I think we would like to take a little walk now, for a change," suggests a bright-faced Passenger.

"Let us go along this street and under the arch yonder," says Kenneth.

So we come to a church at the foot of a hill. It is built over an old prison. See the queer old paintings near the door. They are meant for Peter and Paul, the apostles, looking through prison bars. I do not feel at all sure that Peter ever came to Rome, but we have the clear, true story in the Bible about Paul, the first great foreign missionary, how, when he was wrongly accused by the Jews, he asked to be tried by the king, and was brought by soldiers to Rome. Look on the map for a place on the seacoast near Naples, called *Puzzeoli*, and you will see where his ship landed when he came to Italy. Our Bible story tells, too, you remember, how he came here by the famous old road, the Appian Way, how some of the Christians met him and how he lived for two years in his own house, though always chained to a soldier. People came to him to hear about Christ and the resurrection, and even in the king's palace some learned to love the Savior of whom Paul told them.

"My Sunday-school teacher told us boys another story about Paul, which he said was probably true, though it isn't in the Bible," says John. "After awhile he was set at liberty, but the most cruel of kings, Nero, afterward shut him up in prison and finally put him to death. I wonder if this was the prison."

"Yes, this is believed to be the very one."

"Let us go down and see it," Kenneth proposes.

We descend the narrow stairway into a dark, damp room below. There is a horrid dungeon beneath this, but this is gloomy enough, and rusty swords and pistols hung on the walls make the place more frightful.

"I can think now how brave Paul was," Elizabeth says earnestly. "He would preach the Gospel even in Rome, though he was put in such a prison as this for it, and he knew he must suffer a cruel death."

We are in the sunshine again and we all feel glad. But I wanted to show you the Coliseum and the old Mamertine prison that you might understand better about the first brave Christians and missionaries in Italy.

It will be pleasant to take a walk up the Corso now, the best known street in Rome in these days, then turn to the left, and cross the river by the old bridge.

We find ourselves, in a few minutes, in the center of a great open square, though as Harry, the Midshipman, says, "It isn't really a square because the two *piazzas* curve around so from the great big house in front — just like the two arms of a giant."

This big house is a church, Harry, the largest church in the world. It is named after Peter, the disciple of Jesus. Shall we all go inside now?

We mount the broad steps, push aside the great, quilted leather curtain at the entrance and quietly step within.

Oh! Is this some great hall of our dreams, gold and marble,

and wonderful colors like blue sky, and fleecy clouds and sunshine and rainbows all together! And when we try to walk about and look about, pictures, carvings, images, and glowing lamps fairly bewilder us.

When we become somewhat accustomed to the building, so vast that the people moving quietly about look like little dolls, we too walk about and look at some of the statues and the great golden canopy with its bright lamps over what is called the tomb of Saint Peter.

"What are the people kneeling before the images for?" asks Gladys in a whisper.

"They are praying, aren't they, Captain?" Edward says.

Yes. Shall we go out and sit in one of the porticoes now while I tell you something about this wonderful church?

Somehow a great many people got the idea that Peter the disciple was the first minister of the church in Rome. Constantine, the emperor, believed this and he built a church here in honor of Peter. (This building was planned a thousand years afterward by the great artist, Michael Angelo.)

It was in Constantine's time, too, that the Christians began to think more about going to church a great deal, saying long prayers and building fine churches, than of following Jesus in quiet, simple ways as the first disciples had done. They thought a great deal about the Christians who had died for Christ's sake, some of whom they called saints; they collected bits of clothing, chains with which the saints had been bound, locks of hair, and their skulls or other bones.

"How could they find all those things?" Edward asks.

The mother of Constantine, Helena, went to Jerusalem and found, or thought she found, a great many relics as they called them, pieces of the cross on which Jesus was crucified, the house of Mary his mother, and many others. She set the fashion for these things, and perhaps a kind of make-believe fashion about finding them.

At any rate the people of those days built churches over the precious relics, which many of them supposed to be real, and these people worshiped the saints and prayed to them. They began to talk much about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, too, calling her Holy Mother and Queen of Heaven, and making pictures and images of her, they worshiped her also.

"Didn't they say Our Father?" asks Ruth, the tiny maiden from the primary school.

I am afraid they did not as you say it, dear. Most of the people of Europe for hundreds of years thought that God was cruel, and that to be forgiven when they had done wrong they must go to a priest and tell him all about it. The priest would tell them that they must punish themselves by going without food, making long hard journeys to the tombs of the saints, wearing harsh clothing or thorns, or quite likely paying some money to himself or the church.

That was called doing penance.

"How glad I am we don't have to do those things now!" exclaims Elizabeth.

"Some people do. I have heard of them in Mexico," John says. "But please tell us, Captain, how there came to be a pope."

The priest at Saint Peter's became very important because it was believed that he was the successor, the minister or priest who followed Peter, the great apostle, in the Church at Rome. It was believed that he never did wrong. After awhile he gained great power and ruled not only churches and priests, but kings, and he was called pope, which means father.

After awhile there grew up a sad fashion of shutting one's self up in a great house — a monastery, if one was a man — a convent for a woman — away from all business and pleasure and friends, to do nothing but fast and pray and do penance.

Here we are facing another beautiful church. There is a palace close by. I want you to see something in its great stone portico.

"That is nothing but a stairway of stone and wood," says John.

"But why are people climbing up on their knees?" asks Kenneth.

That is what I want to tell you. This stairway is supposed to have been in the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, and it is said that Christ ascended it. These people think that they are doing something very pleasing to God in climbing the "Holy Staircase." See how slowly and carefully they go, counting the beads around their necks.

"How did the staircase come to be here?" Grace wants to know.

The mother of Constantine brought it to Rome. Very many years afterward, in the year 1511, a young man came here from Wittemberg, Germany. His name was Martin Luther. He was a monk and not very many years before, he might have been seen begging his breakfast or singing from door to door as the young monks had to do. Now he thought, to come to Rome and see the pope and Saint Peter's and all the sacred relics would help not only himself but his friends to get to heaven. So, like the man yonder, he climbed the Holy Stairway on his knees. When half-way to the top, he seemed to hear a voice telling him that to be saved and go to heaven he had only to trust in Jesus Christ the Savior. Martin Luther at once stood upright and walked down the stairs. He went back to Wittemberg, studied the Bible in Latin, wrote about it, and, best of all, translated it into the German language so that all his countrymen could read it. Happily, by this time, printing had been invented and many more people were learning to read.

So Germany had the Golden Key.

"Did Martin Luther give the Bible to Italy, too?" Edward asks.

No, and there was no one to do for Italy just what he did

for Germany, but even when, in the Dark Ages, it looked as if the Golden Key was quite lost to the world, there was a little company of brave, loving Christians holding it safe and precious among themselves and even trying to give it to others. More than three hundred years before Martin Luther came to Rome there was living in the city of Lyons, in France, a rich merchant named Peter Waldo. He was an earnest, thoughtful man, and as he often heard the priests in the churches read the Scriptures in Latin, he wondered what they meant. So he hired some one to translate the Gospels into his own language, that of South France. A priest told him that if he would obey Christ's teaching he must sell all that he had and give to the poor. He did so; then, as he studied the Gospel, into his heart there came a great desire to tell it to others. He began by talking with his friends and neighbors. More and more people came to listen to his talks until very many of the people of Lyons had learned to love and serve Christ in the simple, humble way of the first disciples. Like the disciples, they, too, went about spreading the good news of the love of Jesus. The pope and the priests were very angry because the followers of Peter Waldo would no longer pray to saints and images in the churches, and they drove the "poor men of Lyons" from their homes. These Bible-loving Christians were afterward called Waldenses. Their story for five hundred years is a very sad one. Time after time the pope sent an army against them, destroying their villages and driving them farther away into the mountains and lonely places. They fought eighteen battles to defend themselves and their wives and children. At last, the Waldenses found a home in the beautiful Alps of North Italy. There we may find about 25,000 of them to-day, still faithful, loving Christians like their brave forefathers, with the same desire in their hearts to tell to others the Gospel that cost them so much. There we may find their twenty churches, many Sunday schools, and a number of Christian

Endeavor Societies. Besides all this, they have missionaries in sixty-five towns in Italy, many churches, day schools and Sunday schools, and they are saying to other Christian people, "We need your help in giving the Gospel to Italy."

Now while the *Speedaway* waits for us in the garden of the Lateran Palace, we will take another long walk. We are going to the street on which the government buildings and the Royal Palace are. It is called the Via Venti Settembre (the street of September Twenty). As we walk we will talk a little more about Italy.

After a time, the Roman Empire was divided into many smaller kingdoms, some of them being Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Italy was in turn divided into many small states, and the pope had his little kingdom right in the center. At last, about the middle of the nineteenth century, the little kingdoms of Italy, like the people on the hills of Rome so many centuries before, found that one good, strong government is best. They compelled the pope to give up his kingdom too, and in 1870 Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed king of United Italy.

"That was a grand time for the Italians," exclaims John, giving his cap a little toss, "and Victor Emmanuel was a good king."

Yes, many good things came to Italy then and the best one was the Bible. Not that it had not been translated into the Italian language, but that the priests would not allow it to be sold. The Waldenses must not preach or teach, and all missionaries were carefully kept away. But when the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel battered down a bit of the walls of Rome that they might let the pope know who was the ruler of the land, right in the forefront of their ranks was a man (a *colporteur* he was called) with Bibles to sell and tracts and Gospels to give away, and the story goes that he was the very first man to spring through the gap into the city.

That same year the missionaries came. The Baptists of England, and the Methodists and Baptists of America, all sent preachers and teachers. Very soon the English Baptists had a chapel right there in the Corso and a mission hall in the city of Columbus.

We have come to the Via Venti Settembre. These tall stone buildings are the government buildings, and a little farther on is the Royal Palace. We cannot stop to see them to-day, for we have come to call upon a friend from America. I am sure Dr. Vernon will be glad to see us. We are fortunate to find him here in his office. Dr. Leroy Vernon came to Italy in 1875, and opened a mission in a small hall down near the Mamertine Prison. The Methodist Society, for which he came, now has churches and Sunday schools in forty cities and towns here in Italy. We say good-by to Dr. Vernon and walk across to the Via Veneto to see another building. This is the palace of Queen Margarita, the mother of King Victor Emmanuel. Now I have found what we came to see. It is this beautiful white building where the broad street curves. See the letters "W. F. M. S." Who knows what they stand for? Right, Grace; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This is Crandon Hall where three hundred bright Italian girls are learning those things that will make them useful and helpful in the world and bring to their country the true liberty of Christ.

If there were only time, we could find here in Rome the mission buildings of the Waldenses and the English Baptists. The Southern Baptists of the United States are helping to give our thanks to the land of Columbus. We must fly away to south Italy now to see something that they are doing.

All aboard the *Speedaway*. Southward, Pilot.

"What a dark cloud! It's Mount Vesuvius, I believe," exclaims Edward.

"Mount Vesuvius! Mount Vesuvius!" There is great excitement among the Passengers.

Eastward and down to the Bay of Naples, Pilot.

"This is more beautiful than Genoa, even," everybody agrees. "Let us land and go into the city."

"Ugh!" exclaims Elizabeth, "this city doesn't belong in such a beautiful spot. See the dark, dirty, narrow streets and the horrid tenement houses that hide the sky!"

"See the ragged children!"

"And the babies!"

"And the cows and the goats and everything in a huddle in the street!"

"Look at those ragged little boys lying there asleep right in the alley."

"Don't children in Naples go to school?"

Some of them do; there are public schools all over the country, but there are not nearly enough of them.

"And Sunday schools?"

There are some, as we have seen, but not enough of them for one twentieth part of all the boys and girls in Italy. The Baptist Missionary Society is here in Naples with Sunday schools and day schools, but it needs help.

It is a thoughtful company that fills the car of the airship. Steer to the south, Pilot.

The air grows still warmer, the sky still deeper blue, and all the earth below us seems flowers and sunshine.

We have come down to the very toe of the boot of Italy. This is Reggio in Calabria.

"The very most beautiful place," Gladys pronounces it.

It is a famous old city, too, or it would be, if earthquakes had not twice tumbled it down so that it had to be built up again. We will not go to the fine Cathedral, nor the public library, nor the silk mills, but right up to the "top of the town."

Come, little Ruth, this visit is for you.

* This is a little kindergarten and primary school! The teacher is an Italian lady, but the missionaries of the Southern Baptist Convention showed her how to teach, and she is very sweet and kind. The little boys and girls have very ragged clothes, some of them have big, funny shoes and some have none at all. But their eyes are bright and they are very happy. There isn't any piano, but they will sing "Jesus loves me" for us. We can sing it with them, only we must sing English words, while they sing Italian. They can say Bible verses too, and they have learned something that the other children of Reggio do not know — that Jesus Himself loves little children.

When noon time comes at your school, you go home and mother has a nice dinner or lunch all ready for you, meat and bread and pudding and sometimes ice cream and cake, but now see what these children do when school is over at noon time. There are two long, low tables with rows of green and yellow bowls all around, and plates here and there of dark-colored bread. In comes a man. He is really the minister. See his black velvet cap. He fills every green and yellow bowl with soup, and then in come the kindergarten children and stand in their places around the table. They bow their heads while the minister gives thanks to God, and then how fast that bread and soup goes away!

"They are pretty hungry!" says Harry.

Yes, indeed they are. Perhaps they never have enough to eat at home. I am sure some of them came hungry to school this morning. There are thousands more such hungry, bright-eyed little children in south Italy and only a half dozen or so such kindergartens as this.

"We must give all the pennies we can in our little boxes, and give all the money in our birthday bank to pay some more teachers," says Ruth.

* Written before the recent earthquake in South Italy.

"We must all give all we can," cry the Passengers of the *Speedaway*, "to send the Golden Key to the land that first gave us Columbus."

Place keys on the map for mission stations at Rome, Florence, Bologna, Turin, Milan, Venice, Reggio in Calabria, Malta, Sardinia, Pisa, Genoa, and Tunis on the northern coast of Africa.

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. Why did we visit the Coliseum in the city of Rome?
2. Who was the first great missionary to Italy; and how did he go to Rome?
3. What great, fine church did we visit in Rome?
4. What did the Christians begin to think about too much in the time of the Emperor Constantine?
5. What was the Captain's story about the Holy Staircase?
6. Who was Peter Waldo?
7. Upon whom did we call in the Street of September?
8. What is the Southern Baptist Convention doing in South Italy?





JOURNEY NUMBER TWO

BIBLE LESSON: THE GIVER OF FREEDOM

Isaiah lxi. 1; Luke iv. 14-21.

MEMORY TEXT: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." — John viii. 32.

From Naples to Paris

WE set sail from the toe of Italy's boot, and after coming back from the side trip to Reggio, traveling as fast as so many sunbeams for a distance of about four hundred miles straight north, we find ourselves floating over snow-capped mountains or looking down into lovely valleys pink with apple blossoms, silver gray with olive trees, or fresh and green with miles and miles of vineyards (grapevines).

"This beautiful country is South Tyrol," says John. "We have left Italy. We are in the Austrian Empire."

Steer to the northeast, Pilot.

"Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Here we are above a splendid city built in a circle!"

"It looks like a spider's web with the dew on it!"

"And that great dark church in the middle is the spider!"

"It is all palaces and parks, and there are two rivers with bridges," says Harry as we draw nearer.

"I hear the sound of music and merry voices," adds Gladys.

Herbert claps his hands. "Oh! I know. This is Vienna. My uncle says it is the gayest city in the world."

Kenneth steers the *Speedaway* downward into the square before the great church, whose spire rises far, far upward into the blue sky.

"See the great crescent fastened up there!" exclaims Edward. "What is it for?"

That was placed on the spire two hundred years ago when the Turks (Moslems) had surrounded the city, to prevent them from destroying it. They would not fire upon their sacred emblem.

Inside the church all is very grand and solemn; we hardly feel like speaking even in the lowest tone. Great pillars rise like forest trees toward the ceiling far, far above our heads. At last Grace whispers, "I do not see why they have images and marble stairs all around. I think in a church like this one could worship God far better without them. But see! There is a girl no older than Gladys with her mother praying to an image of Mary, the mother of Christ. Doesn't she know that it is only Jesus Himself who hears and answers our prayers?"

We are out in the sunlight again. Now for a turn in the wide circle street called the Ringstrasse. It is a little strange that in a gay crowd on the promenade in automobiles, carriages and trams and on foot, we should notice a small, plain, weather-beaten man with a knapsack over his shoulder. But Kenneth's keen eyes spy him and he says, "That man looks as if he came out of a story book."

"He has a pleasant face and kind eyes," Elizabeth adds.

I should not wonder if he were colporteur of the American Bible Society. It has one at work here in Austria.

But before John can speak to him the colporteur is lost in the crowd and we must wait until some other time to learn about the long tramps he takes from town to town or far out in the country, and the people who, in spite of what the priests say, are glad to buy his Bibles.

Now all aboard for Bohemia and the city of Prague. We wish to see a little of the country and have a chat by the way, so you need not put on full steam, Mr. Engineer.

When you go to the high school and study Latin, you will read of a people whom the Romans found and called the Boii. The country Bohemia was named for these people, for this was their home. We shall not find the Boii here to-day, however, for many hundreds of years ago there came over the mountains a wild, warlike people who conquered them and drove them southward. So, though the country keeps its Latin name the people are called Czechs, from the name of the chief who led them from the Carpathian Mountains. The Czechs were heathen people and they made offerings to their gods in sacred groves. The Greeks and Romans sent them Christian teachers. Why, here is the River Moldau which runs through the city of Prague!

"This looks more like a foreign city than any we have seen," John says wisely, — "domes and little, queer, pointed towers."

Here we might spend days and days looking at fine old castles and bridges and palaces and the great university. But we are near an old church. I want to tell you about it.

"A story, a story," cries Grace, and the passengers of the airship are quickly gathered in the Tylplatz, fringed with fruit stalls and country wagons and fat women selling butter and eggs. The church has two curious towers with spires and turrets (or as Gladys says towers with points sticking up) and a large bow window of bright, beautiful stained glass.

Here is the story: Almost two hundred years before Luther translated the Bible into the German language, John Wiclif gave it in the same way to the people of England. The English king, Richard II, had married a Bohemian princess, and very likely Princess Anna had brought or sent news of Wiclif's work and some of his writings to her own country and to the great university at Prague. When Wiclif died, there was living near the city a boy eleven years old, whose name was also John, — John Huss. He loved to study as well as to

play, and when he grew older he came here to learn to become a priest. He read many of the books that John Wiclif had written, and he said, "I beheld a door and that door was the Holy Scriptures." I am sure he would have liked our name for them, the Golden Key. Very bravely John Huss taught in the university and preached in the old church the true, right way as he found it in the Gospel. The pope was very angry and ordered him thrown into prison, and finally, brave and true as he was, and loved by all the people of Prague, John Huss was burned to death by order of the pope's council. The people of the city and of all Bohemia were very angry. Led by the "great one-eyed Zizka" they made war against the false emperor who had promised to protect John Huss, and for ten years, as long as Zizka lived, they were never conquered, but they were able to read the Bible and worship God in their own way. But after Zizka's death there came a dreadful time when the Hussites must hide their Bibles, and finally thousands of them were driven out into the wild mountains and forests, and thousands more were cruelly killed as John Huss had been.

But we musn't fancy ourselves in the streets of Prague away back in the fourteenth century. Those dreadful times have all passed away, and a brighter day has come for Bohemia.

"Are the priests gone?" Herbert asks.

Oh, no, the priests and the Catholic churches are here and they do not want the people to have the Bible any more than they did five hundred years ago. If you were a Bohemian boy or girl, you would go to a public school. Oh, yes, but you would learn besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, and a few other things, a great deal of "religion." It would not be Bible stories and sweet songs such as you learn in the Sunday school in America. You boys wouldn't even learn that bravest, most manly thing — to tell the truth.

The brighter days have come with the missionaries from America.

The American Board has four churches right in this city, and eighteen Sunday schools in Bohemia.

That reminds me that there is a lady living at Pachmajergasse, Wienberge, 56, who would be glad to have us all call upon her. A few years ago she wrote in a story a kind of list of things that you boys and girls might like to see in the streets of Prague. Now keep watch while I name them — “The policeman on the corner, strutting about in his high-topped boots, his sword dangling from a solferino cord at his side, a bunch of rooster feathers in his hat — and white gloves,” the women with shawls over their heads and heavy loads on their backs, and the old woman with the hand-organ, the skating-rink behind the high board fence where the band is playing, and, near by, the tax-gatherer walking back and forth in front of “a little round cubby of a house.”

Here we are at Pachmajergasse No. 56! Won't Mrs. Porter be surprised to see us! She is one of the missionaries, you know. Here she comes! Isn't she pleased to see so many American faces! How we wish that we could stay and hear some of her stories or go with her up to Krabnitz to see the girls' school, or take a trip with Mr. Porter to some queer farm village where he is to hold a meeting. There would be the quaint farmhouse with its wide, sloping roof, and little window panes, the farm court with its big, locked gate, “full of stables, pig-pens, grain-houses, cows and geese and what not.” And the people would come (children, too) ten, fifteen, twenty miles with their Bibles, and kiss one another heartily and feel so very glad to see the missionary, for perhaps they hadn't been to a preaching service for three or four months. And perhaps Mrs. Happy, who had driven five hours early in the morning, with her five children, would be there, and at midnight the people would go home singing, “Saved, saved by grace,” for the man who had found Jesus.

But oh, we have so much more to see that not even the *Speedaway* can carry us fast enough if we do not hurry on. We must say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Clark at Prague, but when we return to America we will put a bright gold key on the map for them, and one at Vienna, to show what the missionaries are doing in the Austrian Empire. Write down in your memory book *twenty-four churches* and *eighteen Sunday schools*.

The *Speedaway* will now run to the southeast, about one hundred and fifty miles back to the holiday city of Vienna, then northwest "as the bee flies" over and across the Danube River and the Rhine and the Seine to the gay capital of another country.

John and Grace and Elizabeth and a hundred or more of the passengers have the name at their tongues' ends, when "Lo and behold!" as in a fairy tale we are in Paris and our good ship has landed us in the *Place de la Concorde* — the Place of Peace.

"Is it because the square is so wide that the cabs and carriages look like toys and do not seem to make any sound?" Kenneth asks.

"I like that fountain," says Gladys.

"What great splendid statues and bronze lamps," exclaims Herbert. "This is a great place!"

So it is truly, Herbert, but let us go between the pillars of this wonderful gateway into the park, or garden as it is called, beside the river.

"It is the river Seine," says John.

"I know this place," cries Herbert. "My uncle told me about it. It is called the Garden of the Tuileries. A royal palace once stood here, but it was burned down nearly forty years ago."

"Oh, Captain, I wish we could stay here among the lovely trees and flowers and fountains all day long!" exclaim two or three hundred of the Passengers in a breath.

Some day, I trust you will all come back again — and not in an airship — but now we will go on with the morning sun in our faces to find something more interesting yet.

In the court of the great art gallery, the Louvre, John stands spellbound before the bronze statue of a young man, with uplifted sword, on a great, noble horse,

In a minute there is a shout of delight from the crowd, that can be heard all over Paris. "This is *our* statue — the statue of Lafayette, given to France by the school children of America!" Off comes every boy's cap and we sing "America" till it echoes back from the Place de la Concorde.

Then in the minute's hush that follows, our thoughtful Grace says, "I think the school children of America can help give France something even better than this splendid statue of Lafayette."

I am sure that you can.

Next we go over the Bridge of Arts across the river.

"No, we are not really across the river," says Gladys; "we are on an island. Are we going into this great stone church with the two towers?"

Yes, presently. Would you like to hear something about the island first? Right here on this little island, more than two thousand years ago, was the first city of Paris. It was a queer little city of round mud huts. The people of this part of Europe were called Gauls, and the tribe living on this island were named by the Romans, the Parisii. So you see where the name Paris comes from. They were wild, savage people, but after they were conquered by the Romans they easily learned to build and to weave, to read and to write, and Gaul became a fine province of the great empire.

But at last Clovis, the king of the Franks, conquered the Roman governor and made himself king of Gaul. Then the fierce and dreadful Huns came sweeping down upon the land, but Clovis won a great victory over them also. There is some-

thing of a missionary story about the great battle. Some of the brave missionaries of the early days had found their way into Gaul, and Clotilda, the queen, had become a Christian. In the midst of the long, confused battle, Clovis remembered the God of Clotilda, and in a prayer promised that if he and the Franks won the day he would also become a Christian. He kept his promise, and, as best he knew, reigned afterward as a Christian king.

"Now shall we go to the church?" asks Elizabeth.

"This is as still and solemn as Saint Stephen's in Vienna," Gladys says. "But the stained glass windows are more beautiful. They make me think of autumn leaves with the sun shining through them."

"The altars and pictures and carvings and statues are of the same kind that we saw there and in Saint Peter's," whispers Herbert. "So I suppose the people of France pray to the saints, too."

Yes, some people come to the church of Notre Dame to pray to the saints and obey the priests, but a good many have given up even this. They think the priests care only to get their money, and so they will have nothing to do with the churches.

Outside, John stops to look at the statue in the square before the church.

This man sitting on his horse, with the long hair and beard, and the crown on his head, is Charles the Great, king of France eight hundred years after the birth of Christ. He was a Christian — a good, wise king. He founded schools and libraries, and sent to other lands for teachers and learned men, and gathered them about his court. Sometimes he visited the schools for the boys and girls himself. He used to carry his pen and inkhorn about with him so that he could practise writing at odd minutes. He loved to read the Bible, and when he died Charles the Great was buried with his

crown on his head, his sword by his side, and his Bible in his hand.

While we are walking back to the Place de la Concorde, I will tell you another story. At the time of Martin Luther's visit to Rome, when he climbed the Holy Staircase, there was a boy twelve years old going to school in northern France who was to do for France something like that which Luther did for Germany. When he was eighteen years old he came to Paris and began to preach, for he was then a priest. About the same time, his brother Robert translated the Bible into the French language. As John Calvin — that was the boy's name, and he was John number three you see — as John Calvin read the Gospel, there came to him the same voice that Martin Luther heard, and he, too, understood that we please the Father in Heaven only by believing in Jesus and following Him.

You boys and girls who have studied history can tell something about a people called the Huguenots.

"They went to America from here in the sixteenth century," says Grace, "and they settled in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia, and all around New York. They were very nice people."

"My teacher told us a story about their name," adds John. "The people here in Paris used to believe that there was a goblin around the streets called Hugueon. There were very strict laws against those who were not Catholics in France, and when, on this account, these other people held their meetings only in the night time, they were called by their enemies Huguenots."

When France drove out those Bible-loving people, the Huguenots, she lost the Golden Key.

"My! But isn't this a splendid avenue we're on now!" exclaims Kenneth suddenly.

Yes, and we are going to walk away up to the farther end to the Place of the Star. When we have looked at the won-

derful arch there, built in honor of the great general Napoleon, we will take a street car — a tram, you must learn to call it here — out to the northeast corner of the city.

All aboard! Here we are on the way to Belleville. While we are going, I will tell you how France is finding the Golden Key again, or how it is coming back to her in one way.

Mr. and Mrs. McAll, a minister and his wife from England, came here to Paris to make a visit in 1872. Instead of just having a good time when on their vacation, they went out among the poor, unhappy people of the part of the city to which we are going, talking with them and giving them Bible stories and papers to read. One day a man said to Mr. McAll, "We are ready to hear, if any one will come and teach us the true religion of freedom." From that time, Mr. and Mrs. McAll felt that they wanted to come and live among these people to teach them and help them in every good way. The next January they came.

Oh, here we are in Belleville where they opened their first mission, and this is La Villette Mission House.

"See the crowd of boys!" exclaims Harry. "The little fellows look pretty queer in their long, black aprons."

"Little girls, too!" says tiny Ruth.

This is Thursday afternoon, and it is nearly four o'clock, — time for the children's meeting at La Villette. We know now why these girls and boys are hurrying this way.

"I wish we could go into the meeting," says Gladys.

That is the Captain's wish too, but dear me! We do have to hurry so! There is the fine hall and school at Montmartre, and the Salle New York, and the headquarters in the fine building near the Place de la Concorde, and ever so many more, but we can't see them all. So I think we will run across to the Gare de Lyon — one of the railroad stations — and take a ride in the cars. We shall pass through a famous old forest and stop at a little village on the river Seine.

There is a boy about Harry's age walking down the little platform of the village railroad station.

"Where can we find the mission boat *Le Bon Messager*?" John asks him.

Instantly the boy is all smiles.

"Oh," he says, bowing politely, "I shall be very glad to show it to you," and he quickly leads the way.

Madame Tricot, the wife of the missionary captain, sends one of her little daughters to open the tiny gate at the end of the gangplank and we go on board.

"It certainly is a real, floating church," exclaims Elizabeth. "See the nice seats, the pulpit, the little organ and stained glass windows."

Captain Tricot tells us how all the children love to come to the mission meetings and that there is a meeting on the boat for them every Sunday afternoon. There is another McAll mission boat, too, he says, going up and down the long rivers of France like this one, a real "good messenger" to the country people. For some of them have never heard of Jesus, our Savior.

Here is a story of the mission boat, for little Ruth.

Little Henri lived out in the country across the sea, in France. He loved to look up at the bright blue sky and the sunbeams dancing among the trees, just as you do now. He would have been a very happy boy with his father and mother in their little whitewashed house of two rooms, if there had not been one thing to make them all feel sad. His little sister Jeanne could not see the blue sky and the sunshine, nor the roses in Madame Perrin's garden, for she was blind.

One day Henri went to see the mission boat down in the river beyond the vineyards. He went on board with some other children, and he heard how Jesus made sick people well and blind people to see when He went about doing good here on earth. Henri had never heard those Bible stories before. His eyes grew very bright, and he made up his mind what he

would do. So when the meeting was over he went right up to the missionary and told him about his blind little sister. "Please tell me where to find this Doctor Jesus," he said; "I want him to cure Jeanne's eyes."

I do not know whether Jeanne can see now, but I know that she and Henri have learned about Jesus, how He went back to heaven so long ago and yet He is still with us, always loving us and always ready to give us what we ask in prayer if it is best for us. And if the little blind girl cannot see to read the Bible stories, she can have such a book that she can read them with her fingers, and that will make her and Henri very happy.

When we paste our keys on the map, we must remember that though the mission founded by Mr. and Mrs. McAll is working in all parts of France, and doing wonderful, beautiful things, some other missionary societies are working, too, and helping very much. There are four in England and there are two in America. Those from England are the Wesleyan Methodist, the English Baptist and the Welsh societies, and the Plymouth Brethren. The American societies are the Baptist Missionary Union and the Methodist Episcopal Society.

Places for keys are: Paris, Rouen, Calais, St. Etienne, Marseilles, Lyons, Avignon, Brittany.

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. Whom did we meet in the Ringstrasse in Vienna?
2. What Bible-loving people lived in Bohemia in the fourteenth century, and who was their leader?
3. Upon what missionaries did we call in the city of Prague?
4. How many churches and Sunday schools has the American Board in Bohemia?
5. Who helped to give the Golden Key to France as Luther gave it to Germany?
6. What mission is doing a great work for the poor people of France?
7. Tell about the mission boats.
8. What societies besides the McAll Mission are helping in France?



JOURNEY NUMBER THREE

BIBLE LESSON: KEY-WORD, LIGHT

(References to be written one by one upon the blackboard and found by all.)

Isa. xlii. 6, 7.

John i. 4, 5.

Matt. iv. 16.

John viii. 12.

Luke i. 78, 79.

Isa. lx. 3.

MEMORY TEXT: "I am come a light into the world that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness." — John viii. 32.

From Paris to Madrid

ALL aboard the *Speedaway*. Here we go, up and away from the Place de la Concorde. In a minute we see the double mountain chain that looks smiling over into France and frowns down upon Spain. For about another minute all the Passengers are uttering little screams of delight over the splashing, dashing cascades falling down into green valleys and rocky basins, and the next we are over the snow caps and looking back at the grim, bare mountain wall. Now we have crossed the peninsula and we are in the little kingdom that cuts a long rectangle out of Spain.

And, by the way, did you know that a certain fast sailing steamship was not long ago named for the little kingdom? Its ancient people called themselves Lusitanii. So the Romans who came to make the country a part of their great empire, about 150 B.C., called it *Lusitania*. The name isn't much like Portugal, to be sure. But here we are descending upon the town that gives the present name, Oporto. The country folk of north Portugal are quiet, busy people, who mind their own affairs, so we can safely leave the *Speedaway* a short distance

up the River Douro while we do the town. We will take our first view from this stone bridge. By standing close, I think you can all find room to look down into the rocky gorge below.

"Ugh!" says Elizabeth. "The river looks like hot chocolate without any cream!"

"Piles of pink, blue, and yellow houses with red roofs!" exclaim the girls.

"Ships with red sails!" cry the boys.

"Flowers and vines and palm trees and little crooked streets! Let's go down," Kenneth proposes.

Here we are down on the street along the narrow river bank (the houses of pink, blue, and yellow climbing up the gorge on either side), among the black-eyed, black-haired people, men with gold rings in their ears, barefoot women, little girls with their "pudding-dish" hats, carrying all sorts of things on their heads, from bundles of wood to babies, and boys in their "stocking-bag" caps. See that little fellow about Harry's age driving a yoke of oxen up a street as steep as the side of a saucepan!

"Can't we go up there too?" asks Herbert.

So here we are taking a look at the upper part of the town.

Let us step into this great stone church now, to see whether these people need what we have to give.

Here, on this gilded altar behind the curtain, is a queer old image. Many years ago, some fishermen on the Douro River found their nets very heavy one morning. When they brought them to land, they discovered this image. They thought that it had been sent to them in some very wonderful way (as we say by a miracle), and so they placed it here, and even now the Oporto people think it very sacred and bow before it to pray.

Is all our company here?

Away we sail southward now over hills and pine woods and valleys full of fruit and olive trees, and meadows that are

great stretches of purple heather. And if we are hungry, in the streets and open squares of the towns women and girls are selling figs, apples, pears, melons, and grapes.

"See the children down here all out in the public square in this village, the girls on one side and the boys on the other!" exclaims Kenneth. "The band is playing and they are having a great time."

I think the town council must be giving prizes, as they sometimes do. I am glad to see that there is a good school in this place. Not half of the boys and girls that we have seen here in Portugal ever spent a day in school, and as for Sunday school, they never heard of such a thing. Sometimes they learn to pray to Saint John or Our Lady of Alem, but that is all.

"Here's a great, high, long hill ahead," says the Pilot.

This is the Rock of Lisbon.

"A pretty good-sized rock," Herbert thinks.

It is fifteen miles long and not far from a quarter mile high. Look yonder. There is the River Tagus, and away beyond is the Atlantic Ocean.

"It looks like Fairyland below," says Gladys longingly. "There are oranges on the trees, great bushes of heliotrope, fuchsia plants as tall as the houses, and the most *beautiful* ferns you ever saw."

Lisbon is growing larger.

"Do you suppose we shall find Columbus here?" asks the First Mate, with the twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid he has gone away to Porto Santo or run ahead of us into Spain," answers Elizabeth.

This is "Black Horse Square" facing the Tagus River.

Elizabeth thinks it as fine as the Place de la Concorde.

"My uncle says it is," answers Herbert.

"Do you suppose Columbus sold his maps and charts in this street between the hills, or was it in one of those narrow streets that goes up and up?" asks John.

Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake in 1775, you remember. There is scarcely anything left of the old city. When Columbus was here, Portugal was the most learned and wide-awake nation in Europe, and was sending its ships far and wide on voyages of discovery. King John would have liked to send Columbus, but the priests said no, it was a wild notion. The king would only lose his ships and his money.

"Since we cannot find Columbus here, let us follow him into Spain," Kenneth proposes.

"But what about the Golden Key for Portugal?" asks Grace.

Though the priests would not let the king fit out Columbus, Portugal sent forth the man who gave us the beautiful name for our country, Americus Vesputius.

We are really in debt to Portugal for the name America then. Let us find out whether the debt has been paid even in part. Down here in Lisbon the Plymouth Brethren, an English society, have a mission; up there in the rainbow city of Oporto the Wesleyan Methodists of England have a church, a Sunday school and a day school, with five stations in the towns near by.

Two gold keys on the map, for England, and not one for America. We must go home and tell the older people about it, remind them of Columbus and Americus Vesputius, and ask them if they don't think we ought to send the Gospel to Portugal.

We are shooting away to the northeast in a manner that would have startled Christopher Columbus, who came this way about 1485. A hundred miles or so we sail above a sandy, rocky stretch of ground; now over thick woods, once the haunt of robbers, now looking down on meadows from which we can hear faintly the tinkle, tinkle of bells on the cows and sheep. A hundred miles more and the airship settles down upon the flat shore of a wide, muddy river near an old town in south

Spain. The river is the Guadalquivir, the town is Cordova, and the mountains in the distance are the Sierra Nevadas.

"Columbus came here," says Grace. "After he had been in Spain for a little while, Queen Isabella sent for him to explain his plans and show his maps at Cordova."

Let us walk over this long bridge into the city.

John steps to one side and takes a survey. "Sixteen arches. I have counted them. Was the bridge here in the time of Columbus?"

Yes, the Romans built a bridge here and the Moors built a new one crossing the same foundations. The Romans came here nineteen years before Christ, and by one hundred and fifty years after, they had made Spain a part of the great empire. But before the Romans, were the Phœnicians, who built ships and sailed far from their home on the coast of Syria away back before the time of King Solomon.

When the Roman empire began to fail, then came the Visigoths from eastern Europe; then came the Moors, Arabs from north Africa.

"Phœnicians, Romans, Visigoths, Moors, Spaniards," counts Herbert. "I wish I could have seen the procession."

It would have been worth seeing. It has been three thousand years in passing.

Here we are over the bridge. Let us take a short walk up into the city.

"Are all the streets like this?" Gladys's voice has a sound like disappointment as we walk up San Fernando Street. "I hope Columbus did not have to stay here long."

"I hope Queen Isabella didn't either," adds Elizabeth. "Such mean little whitewashed houses!"

And yet Cordova was once one of the splendid cities of the world. The Moors came here and built palaces and churches, or mosques, and when all books and learning seemed to be lost in the Dark Ages, Cordova alone was full of wise men.

They studied the stars, plants, medicine and painting, and the city had a library of many thousand beautiful, written books. After about five hundred years the Spaniards drove out the Moors, and thinking that they ought to spoil all that the Moslems had left, they pulled down or whitewashed the buildings and burned the library.

Herbert and Edward and Harry want to hear more about Columbus. Tell us, Grace.

"After he had shown his maps and told his plans to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, he went to Salamanca to wait for the Council that was appointed, to see what they would do. Ferdinand would have liked to fit out ships at once, but the Council were priests and they decided that to carry out Columbus's plan was 'vain and impossible, and it was not becoming in great princes to attempt it.'"

Save the rest of the story, Grace, till we reach Seville.

Now I am going to tell you another story. Are all the Passengers listening? A good many years after the time of Columbus there came to Cordova another brave, persevering man. He was from England, and his name was George Borrow. In the year 1834 the Christian people of England began to think about Spain's need of the Bible. The priests were ruling with a high hand here, and many of the people of Portugal and Spain had never heard of the precious book. The priests gave them, instead, strings of beads to count for prayers, and charms to wear around their necks. There were no public schools and the priests did not want the people to have any. About this time Don Carlos, a brother of the king, was trying to get the crown for himself, and there was civil war, the lonely places were full of robbers, and altogether, traveling in Spain was not so safe as it is to-day. But this colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, George Borrow, went fearlessly from town to town, from Lisbon to Madrid, showing his Bibles, telling or explaining the Gospel story and selling

his books to those who would buy. He visited the gypsies in their camps, learned their language and translated the Gospel of Luke for them. He also had many Bibles printed right here in Spain. More than once the priests got him put into prison. He seemed never to mind, but as soon as he was set at liberty he went on talking and singing and smiling and selling his Bibles.

Presto, change! We are at beautiful Seville, the gayest city in Spain. We enter the city by the Marcarena Gate. We decide to take a drive, and soon everybody is agog over the sights in the streets, the high, bare houses that remind us of prisons, with their iron-barred windows and iron gates, the flaunting awnings as gay as Oporto, under which are piles and piles of fruit and many brown-faced people selling it; donkeys with such loads of fruit and flowers on their backs that we can see only their slim legs and long, waving ears; water-carriers with huge jars and the milkmen with their live milk wagons.

"See!" cries Kenneth. "That woman is letting down a pail on a rope out of the second-story window. Now watch. The man catches it, milks one of the goats, and the woman draws up the pail full."

Harry says he would like to be that kind of a milkman.

"Here is a gate swinging wide open so that we can look into the yard," remarks one of the Passengers.

That is called the courtyard of the house. See the marble pavement and flowers. This one has an awning over it, but often the courtyard is shaded by a thick grapevine. If you were a Spanish boy living in a house like that, you would never be allowed to go out alone, but would have a man-servant to go with you to school and to play. If you were a girl you would have a nurse (an *aya*) and then a governess to teach you at home, and perhaps by the time you were twelve years old you would go away to a convent school where you would

wear a black dress, and the nuns in their black gowns would be your teachers.

"Look at the crowd!" exclaims Kenneth. "Is there some kind of a parade?"

Yes, here come the men in their long robes that cover them really from head to foot.

"With peaks on the tops of their heads, just little peek holes for their eyes," adds Herbert, without intending any play on words.

The large image which the men are carrying above their heads on the platform is called that of the Virgin Mary.

This kind of a parade has come down from the time of the Romans. They used to carry an image of the goddess Venus about the streets and compel the people to bow down to it as it passed by. Two girls who had become Christians once refused to do this and were put to death. They were the first Christian martyrs in Spain.

The procession and the crowd have passed on. The cathedral and the palace are not far away. Which shall we visit?

"The palace," says everybody.

So we dismiss the carriages and pass through an open square (which is not a square at all) and into the courtyard of the palace built by the Moors and since then used by Spanish kings and queens.

"I never imagined anything so great and lovely," whispers Gladys, as if she feared the sight would fade like a dream.

We walk through stately halls and rooms and then we come back to the courtyard and have a little talk.

Tell us some more about Columbus, Grace.

When the Council at Salamanca decided against his plan, he set out for France, but on the way he met a monk who wrote a letter for him to the queen. She sent for him to come back, and when he came and once more explained that the

world was really round and not flat, and that he felt sure he could reach India by sailing toward the west, she said to King Ferdinand, "I will pledge my jewels to raise money to fit out some ships."

"Queen Isabella did not give her jewels, after all," says John. "The money was found in some other way."

"But still," Edward adds thoughtfully, "she *meant* to give them. I call that just as kind. It made the king brace up to get the money somewhere else. I'd like to toss up my cap for Queen Isabella."

Like a flash, Kenneth's cap is off and he calls for three cheers for the queen who helped Columbus discover America.

And we are in the courtyard of the very palace in which Isabella made her generous offer.

The *Speedaway* is waiting for us in the garden of the palace. All aboard for another short journey.

Now we go past Cordova, over the interesting old capital of Castile, two hundred and fifty miles in a minute, to Madrid.

We may as well go right into the midst of things with our airship. This square in the heart of the city is so full of men and women and boys going to and fro and even sleeping in the sun around the edges that a few hundred sightseers like us will hardly be noticed. After a good look about, the airship company leaves the beggars and the priests and the wild-looking country people, crying their onions and apples and grapes and oranges in the "Gate of the Sun," as the square is called, and go out to the western part of the city to see the royal palace.

Just a peep at the grand staircase, the throne room, the state dining-room, and the room with the ceiling of porcelain and the walls of ivory and white satin embroidered with gold, and we decide to spend the rest of our time in the armory.

"What a lot of things to fight with!" Kenneth exclaims excitedly, as we walk into the great hall.

Sure enough, here are battle-axes, spears, lances, swords and old muskets. But what interests us most are the suits of armor hanging on the walls.

"What have you found, John?"

"'Cristobal Colon'! This must be the armor of Columbus."

When we have examined, as best we can, the heavy bands and plates of steel overlapping, the nail-studded collar, the helmet for the head and the barred visor for the face, Grace says, "Everywhere in Spain we are reminded of Columbus. I do think that, because Spain sent him out to find our land of liberty for us, we ought to bring here the Bible that makes lands and people free."

We will take a little trip to the north part of Madrid, and I will show you how Spain was made willing, about forty years ago, to receive the Bible.

The city was growing fast and new streets must be opened. When these were made, the workmen in digging found, what do you think? Not buried treasure, oh, no. Bits of chains that had been used to bind people, pieces of machines that had been used to torture them, charred wood, and locks of singed hair and bones of people who had been burned alive because they were wise enough and brave enough to read the Bible and pray in their own way to the Father in Heaven, instead of to the saints.

When the best people of Spain understood what these things meant, the government at once passed laws of religious liberty — meaning that every one may worship as he chooses.

This was in the year 1868. In 1816 the Wesleyan Methodist Society, the one that we found at Oporto, bravely tried to bring in the Gospel at Gibraltar. Missionaries were sent again while George Borrow was selling and printing his Bibles, but the priests would not let them stay. As soon as freedom of worship was granted, the Methodist Society from England came back again and missionaries hastened to come from

America, the Baptist Missionary Union in 1869 and the American Board in 1871.

All aboard, after this long lesson, for a "side trip" to the north coast of Spain. Four hundred and twenty miles toward the north star, Pilot, to the town of Santander.

We are come to another beautiful city by the sea. Its fine lighthouse is for the ships on the stormy Bay of Biscay, John tells us. We came to see the place to which Mr. and Mrs. Gulick of the American Board brought the light of the Gospel to the stormy land of Spain in the year 1874. The school and college which Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick founded here has been moved to a larger city, but we may see the chapel and the mission school taught by a young Spanish woman from the Normal School. If it were only Sunday, we would visit the Bible school and see the "three hundred children that fill every bench and spill over at the end." The day school teacher explains the lesson to all the three hundred at once. There are no other teachers to help her.

Eastward, Pilot, to another city on the shore of the Bay of Biscay. While we sail slowly to see the mountains and forests, and the surf dashing on the rocks, I will tell you a little more about Mrs. Gulick's school. The story reminds me how from a tiny seed a great, beautiful plant may grow. Two little boys taught at her home by Mrs. Gulick were the first little seed. Then two girls, who heard that in America there were schools and colleges for girls, begged that they too might learn; one would sew and the other would take care of Mrs. Gulick's children, to pay the teacher. When other girls heard how Arsenia and Generosa were learning like American girls, they also came asking to be taught, until a real boarding-school was started, which soon grew so large that it seemed best to remove it to another city.

Here we are at San Sebastian, the city to which the boarding-school came from Santander.

Gladys says that it reminds her of Newport in Rhode Island. It is certainly a beautiful city on the curving shore, with its castle on the hill and its lighthouse on the island. The school and college are in a still larger city now. We will go on further to a little town to see what one of the girls from the college is doing. It would take us all day to go by train to Pradejon, but the airship will take us there immediately, across the sandy plain.

This is Pradejon (Prädāhōn).

"I think a missionary would be very good to stay in this dull, brown place," says Elizabeth. "Brown mud houses, brown streets and yards and brown country all around; not a bit of green anywhere to rest your eyes."

And yet the young Spanish teacher Ascension (A-then-sion) who comes to meet us tells us that she loves the people here and she is very happy. Will we visit her school? Certainly; it is for that that we came.

"Seventy! What a big class!" Elizabeth whispers to Grace, but she whispers low, for the room is quite still. The teacher touches the bell and the children rise and come forward in groups to recite, as in our schools at home. If this were like the Spanish public schools there would be a hubbub all the time, everybody studying aloud. The parents like to send their children to this school, for they say they really learn what Ascension teaches. That is not only reading and arithmetic, but gentleness and politeness.

This is the day for Christian Endeavor meeting after school. We will stay and hear the Spanish boys and girls read a psalm together, recite Bible verses and sing some of our hymns in their own language.

On Sunday between sixty and seventy people will come to the Sunday school in the chapel. Ascension will be superintendent, organist, and teacher. The scholars are small boys,

girls, often with babies on their backs, and a few mothers and grandmothers, all in one large class.

So one girl from the missionary Normal School and College, which is now at Madrid, has brought the light of the Gospel to a whole town. Many of her schoolmates are doing good work just like this. We will leave Ascension now as she starts out on her donkey to make some calls, for it is time for us to return to Madrid. We go by the way of Barcelona.

Southeast, Pilot, for two hundred and fifty miles. As we sail, little Ruth shall have a school story.

Lidia was a little girl who lived at a place named Tauste, in Spain. What do you think she used to do? As soon as she was old enough she went out into the fields and tended her father's sheep all day. Lidia's father learned to love Jesus and after he became a Christian he wanted Lidia to go to school like girls in America. When she grew a little older, he sent her to the missionary school in San Sebastian where she learned to be a teacher. Lidia came back home a young lady and her father built a large room in their house for her, and they told the fathers and mothers that they would have a school there. So the children came, a few at first, then more, until the room was quite full. It was a funny school, too. There were "big" boys and girls, eleven and twelve years old, little girls and boys and babies not old enough to go to a kindergarten. The sisters had to bring the babies to school to take care of them. While the girls learned to read and sing and count, the babies crawled around on the floor. But Lidia did not mind if they made a noise, and the children went on with their lessons just the same. They soon learned Bible stories and verses and a good many of them learned to read. That made their fathers and mothers very proud of them and the grown people listened till they learned about Jesus and His love from the Bible stories that the children read to them.

"A large city between two rivers, at the foot of a mountain," announces the First Mate.

This is Barcelona. Here we can find the large missions of the Wesleyan Society of England and the American Baptist Missionary Union. This is the city in which the great national Christian Endeavor Convention was held last year. The Endeavorers came from all parts of Spain, from the Balearic Islands and from Tangier on the coast of Africa. Dr. Clark had come from America to be present at the convention, and there were twelve hundred people to meet and welcome him.

"How we wish we had been here then!" sigh the Passengers.

"Just tuck it away in a safe corner of your memory, while we are flying back to Madrid, that Spain has sixty-three Societies of Christian Endeavor, and that one half of them were organized by girls who, like Ascension and Lidia, gave their hearts to Christ in the school founded by Mrs. Gulick, in 1875.

We are in Madrid again. The airship waits to take us on another long journey over sea, while we pay a visit to the International Institute (college) and the Normal School in Calle Fortuny. Here are bright Spanish girls no older than Grace or Gladys, girls of sixteen or eighteen, and young ladies taking the college course, studying music or preparing to teach, many of them going out by and by to help wonderfully in giving to Spain the true liberty of Christ.

Place keys on the map at: Oporto, Lisbon, Santander, San Sebastian, Barcelona, Balearic Islands, Madrid, Seville.

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. What missionary societies did we find working in Portugal?
2. What did the British and Foreign Bible Society do for Portugal and Spain?
3. How much did the people of those countries know about the Bible at that time?

4. How was Spain made willing to receive the Bible?
5. In what year did the government grant freedom of worship?
6. What missionary societies hastened to enter the country?
7. What cities did we visit in north Spain on our "side trip"?
8. What can you tell about a large, famous school for girls in Spain?





JOURNEY NUMBER FOUR

BIBLE LESSON: THE SAILOR'S PSALM

PSA. cvii. 23-31.

MEMORY TEXT: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law." — Isa. xlii. 4.

Westward Ho with Columbus

"**A**ND away they all flew like the down of a thistle." *They* were Saint Nicholas and his reindeer on the night before Christmas, you remember. We shall now "fly like the down of a thistle" the little distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles to the southeast over the mountains and valleys of Spain.

"Why are we going back again to South Spain?" the Passengers wish to know.

"We are bound for Palos, the port from which Columbus first sailed for America," replies the First Mate.

John has no sooner made the announcement than we find ourselves looking down on two little rivers that look like brown ribbons tied together near the ends, and beyond where they join, stretches the wide, blue Atlantic.

"Now where is Palos?" cry the Passengers.

Here it is below us.

"My uncle said that it was just a little fishing village," Herbert informs us.

"So it is now," says John, "but in the time of Columbus it was a large, busy town with ships coming and going to and from England, the Canaries and the coast of Africa."

"Everybody was up early here on the third day of August,

1492," says Kenneth, "for it was just at daylight that the ships sailed down the Tinto River and out into the ocean and steered straight for the Canary Islands."

Please steer in the same direction, Pilot.

So the *Speedaway* sails still to the southeast and —

"Here we are at the Canaries — the Canaries!" shout the Passengers.

"One, two, three, four — thirty! Thirty islands," announces John, "and that great brown one with the high mountain on it must be Teneriffe."

"There's no cloud of smoke over it as there was in Columbus's time," Herbert observes.

"But oh! don't you feel the heat from it?" asks Elizabeth.

The Fortunate Isles, as the people of ancient times called the Canaries, are out of sight. Steer to the westward, Pilot.

In two minutes the Passengers are shouting again, "Islands! Islands!"

Yes, really, thousands of them like gems of emerald and pearl in the dark blue ocean.

"These are the Bahamas," announces the First Mate.

"Which is San Salvador?"

"It was surely on one of the larger islands," Grace says, "that Columbus landed, dressed in scarlet velvet and silk, and bearing the green banner with the white cross."

"He knelt and kissed the ground and gave thanks to God, and all sang a hymn of praise," adds Elizabeth. "Columbus thought a good deal about making Christians of the heathen people in the lands he discovered, didn't he?"

Yes, he often spoke of it, and when he returned to Spain, Queen Isabella always asked him how much had been done to teach Christianity to the Indians.

"How about the people who live here now?" a bright-faced Passenger asks.

The Bahama Islands have never belonged to Spain. They

form a little colony of Great Britain, and the English government and missionaries take good care of them.

"Columbus went from here to Cuba," suggests Kenneth.

Steer to the southward, Pilot, and sail high.

What is this? A huge shark or fish swimming eastward and chasing a frog?

Downward, Pilot.

Oh, this fish is Cuba, and way yonder the frog is the island of Haiti, or Hispaniola!

"Columbus landed here on the north side of the island," says Grace, "and then sailed all along the coast and sent men inland to find the king of the country, which he believed to be Japan."

Steer the *Speedaway* close to the shore, Pilot, so that we can see the fringing coral reefs, the "bottle-shaped" harbors, and the lovely palm trees just beyond the beach.

"After Columbus took possession of it, Cuba was always Spain's island, wasn't it — until *we* set it free about ten years ago?" asks a tall boy Passenger.

Yes, but a cruel mother Spain proved to be. First, she killed with hard work and ill-treatment all the friendly inhabitants; then she brought negro slaves from Africa to take their place. Always she sent her Roman Catholic priests to teach the people, not the Bible, nor even to read and write, but to worship saints and the Queen of Heaven, and their pictures and images. She taxed the poor people unmercifully. Many times they tried to gain their freedom, but they never really made it out.

In 1898 her treatment became so dreadful that big cousin United States decided that he ought to help his little cousin Cuba. Big cousin sent his war-ships, — and you know the rest. He has helped to take care of little cousin Cuba and show him how to do things until the little cousin was able to manage for himself. There is a great deal for the Christians

of the United States to do for Cuba yet, though. The people here call ours the "Liberty Religion," and they want it with their other liberty.

"Hurrah! This must be Havana!"

"See the forts!" cry the boys.

"And the shipping and the steamships!"

"And the castle!"

And yonder are the great sugar warehouses, their long iron-plated roofs glittering in the sunshine.

We leave the *Speedaway* near the docks and take a walk through the streets, so clean and bright since the big cousin helped.

Here on the east is the old town with its narrow streets and fine shops. Yonder is the fine promenade, the Paseo Isabel.

"It all looks quite Spanish yet," says Grace, "with the bright-colored houses, iron-barred windows, and paved courts."

"What is this building?" some one asks. "It makes me think of a church, yet it isn't *exactly* like one."

It was not built for a church — but let us go inside. See, the door is open.

"This *is* a beautiful church," half whispers Gladys; "there are no shrines and no images. Only *Dios es Amor* painted on the walls. What does that mean?"

It is, in Spanish, "God is Love," and this is the Calvary Baptist Church. Shall we rest here a few minutes while I tell you a story?

About thirty years ago a bright little Cuban girl lived here in Havana, named Adela Fales. When she was but seven years old Adela with her mother and sister went to the United States to live, in Biloxi, Mississippi. While they lived in Biloxi, Adela and her sister went to the Baptist Sunday school and learned to love it very much.

They all became Christians, too, and the mother and the

older sister united with the church. It was a sad day for little Adela when all moved back to Cuba where there was no Sunday school, and she could not get the Sunday-school paper, *Kind Words*. She was almost a young lady when she returned to the United States to live, this time to Key West, Florida. But she had not forgotten the Sunday school. She cried with joy when she found it in Key West, and the minister gave her a copy of *Kind Words*. She told him that she wanted to work for Christ, and Mr. Wood, the minister, wanted to work for Christ and for Cuba, so Adela helped him to give the Gospel to the many Cuban people living in Key West, and when some friends of Adela in Havana wrote that there was a man in the city who would not obey the priests but was teaching and preaching from the Bible, she told her pastor; he was sent by the missionary society to see how they could help in the work, — and, to make a long story short, a great church was gathered here in Havana and the Southern Baptist Convention bought this fine theater and made it into a church building.

We have come seventy-five miles eastward to the beautiful city of Cardenas. John wants to stop here to see a fine statue of Columbus, the dear, bright “Sunbeam” bands of the sunny South want to see the chapel that they are building, and we all want to inspect the school of the Presbyterian Missionary Society — “one of the very best Protestant schools on the island.” There is little Alfredo Cabrera. He is only eleven years old. He is the minister’s son, and he plays his flute at all the church services.

You boys may look for Santiago de Cuba now and see the bottle-shaped harbor where the famous fleet of Cervera was destroyed in 1899, but we can only wave our handkerchiefs and swing our caps for the Sunday schools, day schools, and the chapels of the Methodist Society and the Baptist Home Mission Society at the eastern end of the island. Before they came here at the close of the war with Spain there was scarcely

a Bible to be found in all Santiago Province. Now there are many, many Bibles and some earnest Christian men and women and girls and boys.

Now we speed away to take a look at Darkest Africa in America.

"Oh, I know what you mean," says Herbert; "my uncle has been there. It is Haiti. We are going to the 'Black Republic.'"

Why, it's beautiful!

We have not heard so much oh-ing and ah-ing over the scenery since we crossed the Pyrenees Mountains. Hills and valleys and mountains are all bright and beautiful and green in the glowing sun, with here and there a lovely lake and a shining white town or village.

"Black Republic indeed!" exclaims Elizabeth.

"Wait and see," cautions Herbert.

Southward, Pilot. Descend upon Port au Prince, the capital of the Republic of Haiti.

"Black Republic, indeed!" exclaims Elizabeth in a different tone.

Even the Sunbeams of the Sunny South look sober and put their hands to their spotless white muslin skirts. Narrow, dirty streets piled with rubbish, with no sidewalks, houses that looked so white from the bird's-eye view, dingy and grimy, and oh! the black people swarming, loafing, lounging, everywhere, a few well dressed, but most of them ragged and dirty.

"How did these black people all come here?" Edward asks in quite an awestruck tone.

Their great-great grandfathers and grandmothers were brought as slaves from Africa. This part of the island once belonged to France, but about one hundred years ago the black people rose in arms against their rulers and killed, so far as they could, every white person on the island.

The girls look frightened. No wonder. But we are quite

safe here now. Way yonder in the hills, though, we might see something really frightful to-night — a hundred or two of these black people around a camp-fire, dancing and swaying back and forth and howling and screaming.

“What will they do that for?”

They worship a snake in a box, and offer sacrifices to it — fowls and goats probably. It is whispered that they sometimes even kill a poor little baby as an offering to their snake god.

“Right here so near the United States!” exclaims Gladys.

They brought their snake worship with them from the west coast of Africa, you see.

“What a pity that the Spanish and Portuguese explorers did not send missionaries down there with the Bible, in the time of Columbus!” says Grace. “If they had, these people would not be doing such dreadful things now. Are there Catholic churches and priests here?”

Oh, yes, there have been some ever since Columbus brought the first ones on his second voyage.

“They ought to have taught the people better.” Elizabeth looks very stern.

“Are there any missionaries here?”

Yes, about thirty from England and America, in all the island. The Wesleyan Methodist Society that we saw in Portugal and Spain has a college here — Bird College — and a good school for boys, the only free school in this country. The Haitian government likes it too, and has given money to help the college. The Episcopal Missionary Society of the United States has some churches, schools, and a large hospital here, and is doing a great deal to help these people.

Now the *Speedaway* will run about two hundred miles to the capital of the Brown Republic, Santo Domingo.

The Passengers are very glad to embark and we speed eastward.

"No railroads, no electric cars, no good roads, no nice towns!" exclaims John. "Just ruined houses, thatched huts, and black, ragged, lazy people where you see any!"

We will not stop in Santo Domingo even to look at the cathedral, for we must run up to Puerto Plata to see an old Spanish fort and tower and the beautiful new chapel of the English Baptist Society.

Here is the old fort; it is now used as a prison. Mr. Means, an English Methodist missionary, is allowed to have the prisoners all on the top of the tower on Sunday afternoons to hold a service for them, and away up there, looking out over the lovely pictures of land and sea, they hear, for perhaps the first time in their lives, of the Heavenly Father who made all and who loves even them.

Porto Rico lies to the east; that beautiful island is a part of our own home land now. God bless all the good missionaries over there, say we, but we may not visit them this time. We must hasten away to see our neighbor.

Our neighbor?

Yes, our neighbor, Mexico.

"Westward Ho" again, Pilot.

Twelve hundred miles as the crow flies we sail high over the mountains and forests of Haiti and the northern outskirts of the Caribbean Sea. The Passengers declare that they can spy the great fish Cuba on the north and the lovely island of Jamaica looking like a great, green turtle on the south. Then, all in a minute, we see the waves breaking on the flat, sandy shore of Yucatan.

"Here's a big city on the right," cries Kenneth as we slacken speed a little to view the country.

"That must be Merida, the capital of Yucatan," Herbert declares. "It is a fine, large city. My uncle went there on his trip down here. They have nice, clean streets, electric

cars and lights, public libraries and schools, and many of the people are rich."

"They must be Christians, then," says little Harry.

Grace looks a bit shocked, but she says gently, "It is only loving hearts that have learned to do as Jesus likes to have them do that makes people Christians, Harry." Then she looks a question at the Captain.

You are right, Grace. The priests who came here with the Spanish explorers nearly four hundred years ago made the great mistake of supposing that to change heathen people into Christians they had only to tear down their temples, burn their idols, teach them something about God, the Virgin Mary and the saints, and baptize them.

"Our school histories tell about the French priests, Jesuits, as they were called, who came to America as missionaries. Father Marquette was a brave, good man, and he explored the Mississippi River," says John.

There were some others as brave and true as Father Marquette. They seemed to fear nothing. Far into the wilderness they went, enduring cold and heat, hunger and weariness, and suffering illness, starvation, and death that they might carry what they thought to be Christianity into the New World. Father Valencia landed at Vera Cruz with eleven other priests, sometimes called the twelve apostles of Mexico, and all walked to Mexico City barefoot.

"It would have been a good deal better to carry loads of Bibles on their backs and wear shoes," says Elizabeth stoutly.

Herbert has been listening, but now he says that his uncle did not tell much about the churches in Merida. "Are they Bible churches?"

Most of them are not, but when we go home to our map, we may paste on it a bright gold key for the good work of the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians at Merida.

By this time we have passed over the southern curve of the

Gulf of Mexico, and John reminds us that Columbus cruised here on his fourth voyage, still believing that he was coasting along the shores of India.

"I always feel sorry," adds Grace, "that he did not know that he had found a new world, but his mistake was not so bad as that of the Jesuits, after all. It didn't lead other people to believe what was untrue."

We are sailing high because we are in the tropics, the hottest part of the world, and the upper air is cooler. Far, far ahead we can see land and something beside the sea like a white crescent moon lying there. We float gently downward like a feather on the soft, warm breeze. Towers and houses built of coral limestone, domes and glittering gilt crosses, come into view, and a brown breakwater stretches its length along like a great sea-serpent.

"Wide, straight streets with streams of water running through some of them!" exclaim the Passengers.

"Two lighthouses!"

"See the grim old castle out there on the island!"

This is Vera Cruz, the first settlement of the Spaniards on the coast of Mexico. We must not stop, though, but hurry on, only halting a moment to wave our caps and our handkerchiefs for the Presbyterian missionaries who are working here in the tiresome fever heat of Vera Cruz.

On we go, high in the air again, soon to find ourselves suddenly nearer the earth, though the air is still cool and delightful.

It is because the earth has come up to meet us. Mexico, just beyond the coast all around, is a splendid, high plateau. Snow-capped mountains, green woods, coffee plantations, fields of the bluish green aloe plants from which the bad Mexican strong drink is made, queer little villages with their mud houses painted red, blue, yellow, and orange or not painted at all, ragged Indians, strings of mules and flocks of half-clothed,

dark-skinned, dark-eyed children — and then we are in Mexico City.

“It doesn’t seem so very different from a United States city,” says Edward, but soon after we disembark in the pretty green square in front of the Custom House, the Passengers decide that there is quite a difference.

This is the street of *San Jose el Real* (St. Joseph the Royal). There are hundreds of interesting sights in and around Mexico City. We choose this street because it will lead us to that which we have come to see just now.

Here is the old church Santiago Tlaltecocolo, the first one built after Cortez, the cruel Spaniard, had conquered the Aztec people. Now we walk toward the south, passing the large market and some great warehouses.

“See the balconies and the iron-barred windows of the houses,” exclaims Gladys. “They do make one think of Spain.”

“And have you noticed the images high up on the corner houses?” asks a Passenger. “There’s one now.”

When Spain was ruling here in Mexico, somewhat less than a hundred years ago, we might have seen lamps burning in those shrines before the images of saints.

The office of an express company one might pass without notice in almost any city, but we must stop a moment to see this one. It is in the palace of Cortez.

“Really?”

Yes, really. The palace of the Aztec king, Montezuma, whom Cortez conquered and treated so cruelly, stood here, covering as much as four squares. Cortez made it over for himself. The first palace was burnt, but this old archway with the carvings is a part of the second.

“Built,” says John thoughtfully, “nearly four hundred years ago.”

Here are two show windows in a handsome stone building.

Come all you Juniors and "Busy Bees" and "Little Helpers," and "Sunbeams," and "Rosebuds," I want you to gather around them.

"The windows are full of open books!"

"They look like Bibles; but we cannot read the foreign languages."

So they are. See the sign.

Casa de Biblias, Bible House.

The large Bibles are in the Spanish language, the smaller ones in German, French, Chinese, Arabic, and Korean. There are some books for blind people too. Mrs. Hamilton, the agent of the Society here, will be glad to have us call, I know.

So we walk in.

"My! What a big map of Mexico!" exclaim the Passengers.

"See the little slips of paper with names on them, pasted all over it!"

John examines the map carefully. "There is a slip with a name on it for every state," he announces.

That means that in every state of Mexico there is a colporteur of this Society at work selling Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels. These men must be brave and strong and stout-hearted. Many of them are real heroes and they help the missionaries wonderfully.

Now I want you to hear some of Mrs. Hamilton's stories. She knows some capital ones about *boys*. Here is one. You can find some more in the Report of the Bible Society. This she learned from Mr. A. C. Wright, a Congregational missionary.

Many years ago, before ever our Golden Key was known to the people of Mexico, a man in Chihuahua somehow came to own a Bible. He had a little son who loved to read. The boy had no bright story books like yours, but he read this best of all books over and over until he knew some of it by heart. His father died when he was about twelve years old. Then the boy loved his book still more. One day he took it

to school to show to his teacher. Think how he felt when the master threw up his hands and cried, "Where did you get that wicked book? Give it to me at once." The boy begged for it in vain. The teacher said he should give it to the priest. The boy cried all night, and made up his mind to do a very bold thing in the morning. He would go to the priest and ask for his Bible. So early in the morning he hurried to the priest's house. "Your wicked book has been burned up," said the priest. "If you kept on reading it you could not belong to the church."

The boy did not care for a church that called his precious book a bad one. He became a wild, reckless young man. At last he went one evening with a friend to a meeting. A man was reading from a book. It was *his* book. There was no other book in the world like it. He rushed to the platform crying, "That is my book. Give it to me." And to prove it he began to repeat verses and chapters that he had learned years before. They gave him another copy of his book, and taught him about another church, one that believes his book to be the best in the world. He became a Christian physician, and he still believes no book in the world so precious as his book.

That is a story for the Junior boys. Now here is one for the girls. Melinda Rankin is the missionary heroine of Mexico. Like you, Gladys, she was a New England girl. At the close of the war between Mexico and the United States she began to write about the great need of the Gospel in this land. Then, she said, "God helping me, I will go to Mexico myself," — and she came. The best that she could do at first, however, was to live at Brownsville, Texas, and send Bibles over the border. Oh, how glad many of the people were to buy them! In a few years she boldly came over the border herself and, in a land in which there were strict laws against Bible reading and teaching, opened a school for girls. That was at Monterey,

about four hundred miles north of Mexico City. She was surrounded by danger from rough soldiers and robbers and priests, who once wrote all over her house, "Death to the Protestants," but with wonderful courage she stayed and worked bravely on until preachers and teachers came saying, "We will take Mexico for Christ." The large Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational missions that we find in Mexico to-day had their beginning in the work of Melinda Rankin.

We must fly away from beautiful Mexico now. The *Speed-away* is waiting out here in the street of Saint Joseph the Royal. But do not think that, because there is a colporteur in every Mexican state, and there are sixteen missionary societies busy in this land, the work is all done. Mexico is a great country. Thousands of boys and girls and little children are still learning to pray to saints and gaudy images, and have never heard of the precious book that sets us free.

Mission centers for keys for this chapter are: Havana, Santiago, Port au Prince, La Plata, Merida, Vera Cruz, Mexico City, Monterey, Chihuahua, Laredo, Guadalajara.

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. What can the Christians of the United States still do for Cuba?
2. What church did we visit in Havana?
3. What societies have missions in Cuba?
4. What is worshiped by some of the black people of Haiti?
5. What society from the United States is at work there?
6. Who were the first brave missionaries in Mexico?
7. Upon whom did we call in Mexico City?
8. How many missionary societies are working in Mexico? Name some of them.





JOURNEY NUMBER FIVE

BIBLE LESSON: KEY-WORDS, BONDAGE, LIBERTY

Rom. viii. 15.

Rom. viii. 21.

Heb. ii. 15.

2 Cor. iii. 17.

Gal. iv. 9.

Gal. v. 1.

2 Pet. ii. 19.

MEMORY TEXT: "I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts."—
Ps. cxix. 45.

From Mexico City to Santiago, Chile

THE *Speedaway* ascends from the street of St. Joseph the Royal, high and higher above the towers of the great church that Cortez built to take the place of the heathen Aztec temple, and away we float, the clouds trailing close over our heads. Suddenly the Passengers all gasp and shiver, for in the far south though we are, we seem to be passing a great hill covered with snow.

It isn't a hill though, the Pilot tells us, but the tiptop of a vast high mountain.

Downward, Pilot. The Juniors must see something here at the foot of Mount Popocatepetl.

"Is it the little church on one of the foot-hills?" asks Gladys.

Yes, Mr. Edward Shaw of Providence, Rhode Island, heard one of our missionaries say one evening that for one hundred dollars in gold a little church could be built, which would do a great deal of good in Mexico. The next day he called upon the speaker and laid upon his table the one hundred dollars. "I should like to build one of those churches," he said, "in memory of my daughter fifteen years old, who died not very long ago." This is the little church built in memory of Ethel Shaw.

We have passed many more snow caps, and now John tells us that we are in Central America. Are we going to visit all the little republics, Captain?

We shall pass over them all. Who can give their names?

"Guatamala, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica," recite the older Juniors in concert.

Correct.

"Columbus visited the coast of Honduras over here at the northeast," John says, "and Cortez, the man who conquered Mexico, sent soldiers down here in 1523."

Right, John, and Spain ruled Central America for just three hundred years. In 1823 these colonies, as they were then, won their independence. For a while they tried to be one republic, but they were so very independent that each finally decided to have its own president.

"The priests came with the Spanish soldiers, I suppose," says Grace. "Are they here now?"

Yes, the Jesuits came too. As in Mexico, they traveled through the forests, over the mountains and along the sea-shore, teaching the Indians to give up their heathen idols and worship the saints. They taught them some good things, too, but never the sweet Bible stories that we love so well. There are some men traveling through Central America now, as brave as the priests of those old days. They are the colporteurs of the Bible societies. Through the lonely forests, among the mountains, over the rough roads they go, sometimes on foot, sometimes on muleback, stopping at the farms and villages to give the people the good news of the love of Christ through the Bibles which they sell and explain to them. They are real heroes, often without comfortable places to sleep in at night, without good food, sometimes laughed at, and sometimes stoned or put in prison in the towns, where the priests tell the people that they are bad men selling bad books.

Twenty-one years ago some Christian people of the State

of Texas began to think about the little republics so near to the United States, where Christians were sending missionaries to the far countries and seeming to forget these. So they formed a society which they called "The Central American Mission." This society has sent missionaries to every one of these Central American republics. The largest number is in Guatamala, where the Presbyterians had some churches and Sunday schools before.

"A city in the mountains, with straight, nice streets and flat-roofed houses," is the Pilot's next announcement.

This is San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica. It is a bright little city, and our Golden Key has begun to open it up to still brighter things. But right here we must change our course, running nearly east over a bit of the Caribbean sea.

"Well! if this isn't a busy place!" is the next exclamation. "Great steamships unloading at the docks!"

"Steam shovels working as far as you can see!"

"A great army of men digging, and laying railroad tracks, and building houses!"

"See the trains and trains and trains of flat cars carrying dirt enough to make a mountain!" cry the boys.

"See the pretty new houses all set up on posts among the lovely, feathery trees!" cry the girls.

"And oh, those trees have cocoanuts on them!"

"Hurrah, this is the Panama Canal! Isn't it great!"

Notice the men, now that we have come nearer to them. Did you ever see so many faces of different colors all at once? White of all shades, brown, black, Chinese yellow, Indian red, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Italian, African! This is a great market for the Bible Society. Miss Rose Johnson, who has charge of the Bible store, a colporteur, and the Young Men's Christian Association are all busy selling Bibles in many different languages, which will go with their owners sooner or

later to places far and near which perhaps the Gospel could not reach in any other way.

Now for a flying trip to the old Spanish town of Panama, which was built about a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. By and by we can paste a key on the map right across the Isthmus for the school and hospital of the Methodist Society, which we see here, three other missionary societies, and the Bible workers at the Canal.

John reminds us that it was down here that Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, and then Kenneth says suddenly, "We are not in *North* America now, are we? Panama is *South* America."

That is true. Now we can fly northeast about three hundred miles to another old city which you would like to see. Columbus came sailing down this way on his third voyage, you remember, and visited the north coast of South America. Here is Cartagena, and this is the oldest fort in all America.

"Good, solid stone," says Herbert; "stone fort, stone houses, stone churches."

"And they are Spanish houses and churches," adds Grace. "Did Spain own all South America once?"

The pope, who had a curious habit of giving away land that did not belong to him, divided South America between Spain and Portugal, Spain's share being the north and west coast and a good slice at the south end, and Portugal's part the country called Brazil.

"Both nice little presents," says John, with a twinkle in his eye. "When did the South American countries become independent, Captain?"

Just one hundred years ago independence became quite the fashion in South America. The mother country was busy with war at home, and that gave her colony children a fine chance to make themselves each a Fourth of July. No one felt sorry, for she had not been a very wise or kind mother to

them any more than she was to Cuba. Brazil was not far behind in following the fashion, and in 1821 she decided that she ought to be a kingdom to herself, though ruled by a Portuguese prince from Portugal. It was only twenty years ago that Brazil became a republic. — But Brazil is another story.

Who can name the eleven republics of South America?

“Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Venezuela, Bolivia.”

In which one are we now?

“In Colombia,” answer the Passengers again.

Yes, in Colombia, a country “as large as ten Pennsylvanias,” but a land in which the people are always full of trouble because they cannot live at peace. Perhaps it is because so few of them have learned the true story of the Prince of Peace. They seem to be living in the Dark Ages which we were talking about in Rome a while ago. Like the people of the Dark Ages, they, too, once had the Golden Key and lost it. Away back in the year 1820, Mr. James Thomson came here from England for the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was called not only a Bible agent, but a school agent, for he was to open schools as well as to sell Bibles. The reading lessons in his schools were from the Bible. There were no public schools in these countries then, but the people knew that to learn to read and write was necessary for the good of a free republic. So all the countries down the coast and across to Argentina welcomed the Bible and school agent. Even the presidents of some of the republics bought Bibles and sent their children to the schools. Right here in Colombia at the capital, Bogota, a Bible house was opened and the priests helped it on. It looked as if South America would soon be a really Christian land. But the true story has a sad ending. In about twenty years the schools were given up, the Bibles all seemed to be lost, and the priests went back to teaching the worship of images and saints.

So the Rev. Horace B. Pratt found things when he came to Bogota, in 1856, the first Presbyterian missionary to South America. The missionaries here, for many years did not lead a very pleasant life, for there was civil war, the priests hated their work, the people did not care for the Gospel, and when a colporteur was brave enough to show his books here, he was pretty likely to be arrested and put in jail. But the missionaries kept bravely on, and after some years others joined in the work, and now the people of Colombia are beginning to understand that the Bible and the missionary schools are just what they need.

Here is a giant mountain on our right. "I have seen a picture of that great dome," says Elizabeth.

"So have I," Edward agrees. "It is in our geographies."

"It is the great Chimborazo!" cry the Passengers. "That means that we are in Ecuador."

Then we have crossed the equator without knowing it, and we must have gone by Quito, the highest capital city in the world.

"Are there any missionaries in Quito?" asks Grace.

Yes, Ecuador granted religious liberty in 1897. A missionary society was formed in Kansas for bringing the Gospel here at once. The Gospel Union of Kansas and two other societies have missions in Quito.

Now you boys may look out for Indians.

"We have seen lots of them all the way from Mexico," answer the little Junior boys, "but there hasn't been a single wigwam anywhere."

The Indians that the Spaniards found when they came to this coast did not live in wigwams. The Incas, as they were called, like the Aztecs of Mexico, built wonderful temples, palaces, and cities. The story of what Pizarro, the Spanish discoverer of Peru, found, reads like a story out of the "Wonder Book." You would have thought the Inca king a kind of

King Midas, but his gold was real, solid gold out of the mountains. Pizarro treated the Indians so cruelly that thousands upon thousands of them died and soon the wonderful kingdom of the Incas had passed away. These which you see in Ecuador and Peru in their bright blanket-coats are descendants of the Incas or of those whom they had conquered. They have been taught, like the Indians of Mexico, to bow down and pray to images. Some of them speak the Spanish language; others must have the Gospel in their own. These Indians of Ecuador are so ignorant and wicked, and so taught by the priests, that they cannot easily understand the love of Christ. Just two young ladies of the Kansas Gospel Union are trying to bring the light of the Gospel to the eight hundred thousand of these poor Quichua Indians.

"A large city here in a corner of the mountain ranges, and trolley cars running toward the sea," the Pilot announces.

We have certainly come to Lima, the capital of Peru, very quickly, threading our way through the mountains. This is the city that Pizarro built after conquering the Incas and stealing their gold, their homes, and their freedom. It is on our time-table.

So down we float into the Mayor Plaza, the great central square. Fountains, trees, curious plants and bright flowers on every side charm us.

Gladys says that the beautiful shops that open on the square, and the ladies going in and out of them, remind her of Paris. Let us take a walk.

Here is a street half full of bright-faced, dark-eyed boys and girls going to school very much as if they lived in *North America*. Peru has some public schools surely.

But now we come to another street, not pleasant, narrow, gray, dirty, full of Indians, Chinese, negroes, and Spanish men and women, boys and girls who do not go to school, in and out of the muddy-looking houses.

By and by we find a better part of the city, and we see the sign that we have learned to look for in every Spanish city, "*Casa de Biblias*," House of Bibles, or Bible House.

"Are the missionaries here, too?" Edward asks.

Yes, we will call on Rev. Thomas Wood and Miss Elsie of the Methodist Mission.

Miss Elsie looks almost bewildered to see such a company of us, but she is glad that we remembered her, and by and by she takes us to see the chapel opposite the great Catholic church of Saint Augustin. A little while ago, she says, one could see bullet-holes in the walls that were made during the last revolution in Peru, but now they have been rebuilt so high that they shut out the light from the chapel. Yet, though the great church is fine and grand, many of the young men of the city and the great Spanish University of Lima come to the chapel on Sunday evening to hear about the religion of liberty. When Miss Elsie has told us this good news she shows us how to level our great field-glass at Callao, the port toward which we saw the trolley cars running, to get a glimpse of the churches and the high school down there. Then we say good-by, for by running six hundred miles southeast from Lima we can easily take a little side trip to Lake Titicaca and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. We have been traveling through the mountains for hundreds and hundreds of miles, but there are still many sights for us and Passengers and Crew are all awake to them. The flowers, the flocks of sheep with their Indian shepherds, and a hundred other things interest us, but we think most about the villages and farms that lie below us in the valleys, really hundreds of them waiting for some one to bring them the Gospel. About two hundred miles from Lima, near a large city called Huancayo, we stop to count the towns spread out below and around us. "One, two, three, four, five, six," and on up to fifteen, John counts. "Fifteen large towns right here that need our Golden Key."

"If we were only grown up," says Elizabeth, "we could stop and teach the people right away. I think I will come here when I am a woman, but somebody ought to come now."

Over Lake Titicaca we are floating now, watching the steamboats that little Ruth thinks may be carrying missionaries, and the queer little sailboats of the Indians. We have come across the lake. Now, where is La Paz, the city that we have come to see?

"There's a city below us in a great, round place like a giant's washbowl," says the Pilot. "See the red roofs and the church towers with crosses on them!"

Descend, Pilot. This is certainly La Paz.

The streets in the center of the city are full of people moving to and fro, and it is great fun to watch them.

"See the women in their red, green, yellow, every-colored dresses!" says Gladys. "Every one has a bundle on her back, and every other bundle is a baby. You can see its head and its face, with its bright, black eyes sticking out."

By and by we come to some pleasant open squares. It was in these that Mr. Glover, a missionary helping the Bible Society, set up his "royal scroll" of bright-colored Bible pictures last year, and told the stories to the people that gathered around to see them. When they had looked and listened for awhile, he would say, "I have a book in which you can find all these stories and more like them. Would you like to see it?" Then he would show a Bible. After a little he would tell the people that he had books like it to sell, and a good many would buy Bibles or Testaments. He went from one plaza to another with his pictures until nearly all in the city had had a chance to hear the Gospel.

The priests did not like this, but they could not stop the missionary because the government of Bolivia had just made a law giving freedom of worship. But in a city not far from here the people threw stones at Mr. Glover and some other

missionaries in the street, and one of them was badly hurt. In another place a colporteur sold a good many Bibles, but when he visited that town again he found that nearly all of them had been torn in pieces or burned. A very few of the people had managed to hide theirs from the priest.

But here is a happier story. The Methodist missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Harrington, came here to La Paz a few years ago, and opened a school for boys. The boys and their fathers liked it so well that the very first year there was not room for all who came. Very soon the President of Bolivia and the government saw what a fine thing that missionary school was, and they asked Mr. Harrington to take charge of all the schools in the large state of Oruro.

Now back to the coast we fly, for a trip by sea, or *over* sea. It is a pretty dull, dry, sad-looking coast, for from the wet coast of Ecuador to Patagonia, two thousand five hundred miles, it rains but once in about sixteen years.

Even the towns are all the same color, houses and churches all built of gray-brown brick, made out of clay and sand from the hills.

But Kenneth notices that nearly every town has a stand for a brass band in its dusty square. "I'm glad the people have some music once in a while to cheer them up; they need it."

There is something else that they need very much indeed. Mr. Karl Hanson of the American Bible Society is a very wise man. He comes to the mining towns with his mouth organ, and when he has played some tunes and the miners have made friends with him, he tells them of the love of Christ, and shows them the Book from which they can learn more about it. He can sell a good many Bibles in a short time, I am told.

Ascend two thousand feet and run one hundred and fifty miles eastward, Pilot.

In half a second the Passengers are all rubbing their eyes

in wonder. Surely we have come more than one hundred and fifty miles from that dry, brown, dreary coast. We are in a beautiful green valley; the mountains are far away; we can just see their splendid tops covered with snow. Here below us shine out among the trees the fair, white houses and churches of a city.

Hurrah! We are at Santiago! There are pleasant-looking people on the streets and boys and girls coming home from public schools. Surely this is a "sweet land of liberty."

Yes — but what is this in the plaza?

A marble image, and the words printed in Spanish below it tell people that to say prayers before it will help them to go to heaven.

Hark! A man on the street is calling, "*Quien quiere comprar la Biblia?*" Who wants to buy the Bible?

He is a colporteur, and that is the way he takes of selling Bibles here in Santiago.

"I think," says Grace, "that the people of Chile are trying to choose between images and Bibles."

So they are, and the boys and girls in splendid, large missionary schools and colleges here and in Antofagasta, Concepcion and Iquique are learning that the Bible is best, and they are learning to teach it to the people of their country.

Now we have two calls to make — one for the boys and one for the girls. The first is at the Instituto Ingles, the Presbyterian college, where we may see three hundred boys, not only from Chile but from away up on the coast, from Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador or even Colombia, poring over their books, reciting to their professors or playing football, for all the world like *North* American boys. Dr. W. E. Browning is glad to see us, shows us the college campus and buildings, and says that if these Junior boys and girls talked Spanish he would be glad to have them all in the Institute by and by.

Now, girls, the next call is for you. This is the girls' college

of the Methodist Society at Concepcion. Here are nearly two hundred Spanish girls learning all those things that will make them happy, useful, Christian women.

"This looks like the very cooking class whose picture I saw in the Annual Report," says Elizabeth. "What do the girls learn besides cooking?"

Mrs. Arms, the principal, tells us that they have usual school work, English and Bible study, and, she adds: "Their examination marks in the latter would shame our Sunday schools at home." The girls have prayer-meetings, and last year they showed their missionary spirit, though some of them are poor girls, by giving twenty dollars for work among the Indians. "Most of all," says Mrs. Arms, "we are trying to lead our girls to give their hearts to Christ."

We have come to the Fairyland park of St. Lucia in Santiago. Now as we rest for a little while under its stately trees, while the brook runs singing by and the birds sing overhead, I will tell little Ruth a story, and the Juniors may all listen if they like.

Little Juanita lived with her father and mother, her two older brothers and her sister, Therese, in this country so far from ours, called South America. She went to the missionary kindergarten in the town in which she lived, and her brothers and Therese went to the missionary school. Sometimes the other little girls and boys in the kindergarten went with their mothers and nurses to the great, grand church where there were marble images and pictures, and they would kneel down and pray before them, but Juanita knew that Our Father in Heaven sees us everywhere, and we can speak to him in prayer wherever we are. She knew a good many Bible stories, too, even before she went to the kindergarten, and she could help the teachers tell them to the other children. This was because Juanita's mother loved Jesus, and her father was a colporteur, a man who went about selling Bibles and Bible stories. One

day Juanita's father went to a man who had come to live near their house, and asked him to buy a Bible. The man answered crossly that he did not want one, but the colporteur wanted him to read about God, who made the bright, beautiful world, and about the love of Jesus, so he asked him again, but the man, whose name was Mr. Valdez, said no, he would not buy a Bible. Then Juanita's father sent her older brother, Fernando, to offer Mr. Valdez a Bible; but he would not buy one of Fernando. Then Antonio, the younger brother, went with a Bible in his hand asking the man to buy it, but he would not buy a Bible of Antonio either. One morning, Therese called at Mr. Valdez's house to ask him to buy a Bible. He said no to her, too. At last Juanita's father said to her, "Juanita, you may take the Bible with the bright, red edges to Mr. Valdez, and ask him if he wouldn't like to buy it." Juanita went to the door of Mr. Valdez's house, and clapped her hands to let him know that some one was there (because there was no door-bell). Mr. Valdez himself came to the door. Juanita made a nice, polite bow, and then held up the Bible. Mr. Valdez did not say no this time. He asked Juanita to come in, he took her up on his knee, as if she had been his own little girl, and said, "I cannot help taking the book when this little girl brings it." So Juanita sold the Bible. And the very best part of the story is, that Mr. Valdez read the book carefully and learned to love Jesus and serve Him.

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. What brave men are carrying Bibles into Central America?
2. What mission was founded especially to carry the Gospel to the five small republics south of Mexico?
3. What missionary work is being done in Panama?
4. How was the Bible first carried to the western coast of South America?

5. What society opened a mission in Ecuador as soon as religious freedom was granted?
6. Upon whom did we call in the city of Lima?
7. How did Mr. Glover preach the Gospel in *La Paz*?
8. What colleges did we visit in Santiago and Concepcion?





JOURNEY NUMBER SIX

BIBLE LESSON: WHEN JESUS COMES

Matt. xxv. 31-46.

MEMORY TEXT: "And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." — Matt. xxv. 40.

From Santiago to New York

AP from St. Lucia Park in Santiago rises the missionary airship to speed away again toward the mountains. Eastward, Pilot.

Over dusty hills and valleys with a little scraggy fringe of green, we fly until we see a lonely old town in the mountains. This is Los Andes, an out-station of the Methodist missions. If we were traveling in the old-fashioned way, our mountain climbing would begin here.

"Here is a little railroad train going up the mountains," says Kenneth.

We are all interested to watch it for a few minutes as it creeps in and out and around and up and up and up. The mountains are growing grander and grander, the snow caps seem to be coming toward us, and the railroad is soon out of sight.

"The railroad must help the missionaries and the colporteurs a good deal," says Edward. "Before it was built, did they have to climb over the mountains with their Bibles?"

Yes, sometimes on foot and sometimes on muleback they came, and before them, in the time of the Spanish settlers, were the brave Jesuit priests who came to teach the Indians.

"And they needed to be braver here than they were in Mexico," Elizabeth thinks.

If we had come this way in the summer of 1824 we might have met one of the very first missionaries from the United States to South America. He was Rev. John C. Brigham, a Presbyterian who came with another minister, Rev. Theophilus Parvin, to see what could be done to give the Gospel to these lands. It had taken them three months to sail from New York to Buenos Ayres, and it took Mr. Brigham two weeks to come from there to Mendoza on the west side of the Andes. When he started to cross the mountains alone, a Spanish priest said, "These *norte americanos* (North Americans) are made of very different stuff from what we are; they can do anything." Mr. Brigham crossed the mountains safely, and went through Chile, Peru, and Ecuador, and on to Mexico. But he did not find the people ready to receive the Gospel, as we have seen it in all the countries of the western coast. He and Mr. Parvin returned home to report that the republics of South America, just freed from Spain, could not quite yet understand the liberty that Christ gives, and it would be better for the missionaries to wait awhile.

"How long did they wait?" asks Grace.

About thirty years. The first mission station on this side of the continent was far to the north of us.

"I remember," says Harry quickly. "It was in Bogota, in 1856, and the name of the missionary was Rev. Horace B. Pratt."

By this time, we have come to the highest point in the mountain pass. John's keen eyes spy here among the grandest mountains the grandest statue we ever saw. It is called the "Christ of the Andes." With one hand pointing upward and the other supporting a cross, it stands here on the boundary line between the republic of Chile and Argentina, to tell all the world that they will ever remain at peace.

"And may the Prince of Peace rule over them," say the Juniors, "till every one of the countries, east and west, is truly a 'sweet land of liberty.'"

The great mountain wall is between us and Santiago now. We are at Mendoza, a very Spanish old town, but another mission station. As we speed over the wide, flat plain of Argentine Republic, Herbert remarks, "Don't they have everything big in South America, big mountains, big rivers, big trees, big statues, and big plains!"

Elizabeth says, "Now you wouldn't think that there was a mountain in the world."

"A great city built four-square," announces the Pilot.

"The biggest we have seen since we left New York," cries Herbert. "Look at the fine streets, the splendid buildings, and the square parks!"

"Buenos Ayres, the city of 'good air,' the capital of Argentine Republic," announces the First Mate.

Descend, Pilot.

Down we float into Buenos Ayres's great central Plaza, the "Square of May." The whole city seems so full of life and bustle that we do not care to stop and rest as we did in Santiago, so we take a walk at once up the splendid Avenue of May and then through some of the other streets where we see great, new buildings, public schools, and the grandest houses we have found in South America. Automobiles and fine carriages, filled with gentlemen and ladies richly dressed, roll past.

Harry says, "It looks as if everybody in this town was rich."

A great many people here are rich, Harry, but we will go now and see some that are not. Here is a door that opens right out onto the sidewalk. No one will mind if we walk in. So in we walk, and we are in a courtyard, not one of the pretty ones with a fountain and trees and flowers. Around this

courtyard are other doors. Each one of these opens into a room. Each room is a home, yes, a home for a whole family. Father, mother, boys, girls, babies, sometimes grandfather and grandmother, have only one room to live in, and must share the one yard with a dozen or twenty other families who live here just as they do, and cook their food over a box of charcoal in the courtyard.

Here are thirty or forty little black-eyed Spanish girls and boys playing around the yard or hanging over the balconies above. Let us ask them where they go to Sunday school.

They never heard of such a thing. "Church! Oh, yes! But what is Sunday school?"

At last one little boy is found who says he has been to Palermo Hall on Sunday. It is a nice place; he got picture papers there, and he shows us as pretty a Sunday-school paper as we ever received at a Sunday school in North America, named *La Aurora*. He is only one among so many who never went to a Sunday school, and his father and mother have brought him to live far away from Palermo Hall. Let us see if we can't find a Sunday school nearer, and get these other children to go with him.

So we set out and find one, two, three, four, five, six nice churches like those at home, and every one has a Sunday school. These are Methodist churches. The missionaries began work here for the Spanish people in the year 1864. Here is the fine publishing house where the Sunday-school paper is printed, and where books in the Spanish language are published, together with Sunday-school quarterlies and tracts for the missionaries to use far and near. *La Aurora* goes even to Cuba to some of the Sunday schools there. Here on Lima Street are some Baptist missionaries, and here is their chapel.

They have four mission halls in Buenos Ayres, and some bright Sunday schools.

"These are fine churches and missions and Sunday schools,"

says Grace the thoughtful, "but there are not one twentieth part enough in this big city, and there is not one within three miles of the courtyard in which we talked with the children."

"Why, here we are down by the river," exclaim the Passengers. "See the great docks and the ocean steamers."

John tells us that this is the La Plata River, and that right here it is about one hundred miles wide.

While he is talking about the river, the girls look about and decide that they wouldn't like to live in the unpleasant streets near by.

This section of the city is called the Boca. It was down here that Mr. W. C. Morris, who was helping to hold meetings and give out Bibles and tracts to the seamen, noticed many poor children who were attending neither day nor Sunday school. Most of them knew as little about truth and honesty as if they lived in Central Africa. So he opened a school for them, and, for some time he paid the teachers and cared for the school himself. In England, which was Mr. Morris's home, there is a society called the *South American Missionary Society*. It is doing splendid work in all the continent, especially for the Indians. Mr. Morris, when on a visit to England, told this society about his schools, and that there were hundreds more children in Buenos Ayres without good homes or schools. The Society voted to do something about it. We will take the trolley along the river out to Palermo to see what they did. On the way we can see the great "Third of February Park," with its avenues of tall, feathery palm trees and its views along the river, and some of the fine homes of the rich Argentinians with their beautiful courtyards. But many poor people live in this part of the city, too.

Here is what we have come to see, a long, low house, with a railing around the roof. This isn't a very fine school building, but it isn't of so much importance what the school building

is as what is learned inside. This is one of the South American Missionary Society's schools — the boys' school at Palermo.

"*Dios y Patria*," reads Elizabeth. "What does that motto over the door mean?"

"For God and Fatherland." The other one is, "First of all my duty." Here the boys study the same books that are used in the public schools; they have also a Bible lesson every day, and every one who comes to the day school must belong to the Sunday school, too. The South American Missionary Society has large schools for girls as well as one or two more for boys. Here the children learn not only to read and write and study, but to do useful work and to become Christian men and women. For their fathers, mothers, and older brothers and sisters there are missionary evening schools, and now we are passing Saint Paul's Church Hall where they attend church and Sunday school.

After this long walk and talk, Passengers and Crew find themselves again in the Square of May.

"Such a lot of people of different countries as I noticed on the way," says John; "Italians, Germans, French, Jews, Chinese, what not — as big a crowd of them as we see in Chicago."

"I noticed the sign of the Bible Society, '*Casa de Biblias*,'" adds Grace. "There were some fine pictures in the window and open Bibles in sight, in ten different languages. Buenos Ayres is like New York, too. People from every country seem to be here."

So they are, and they are coming every day as fast as they come to New York. Very few bring the Gospel with them, and the rich people of Buenos Ayres are not making plans to give them our Golden Key.

Before we go across the plaza to look at Argentina's statue of Liberty, I want to tell you about the agent of the American Bible Society, Andrew Murray Milne. His was a work that

extended through all of Spanish South America. He opened the Bible House here in 1862, and since that time has been directing colporteurs, north, east, south, and west. He traveled around the continent and, with his colporteurs, sold more than a million Bibles.

John leads the way to the statue of liberty. It is not like our "Liberty Enlightening the World," but a large monument on which we read the date, May 25, 1810 — the day on which Argentina declared herself a free and independent republic. So this is the Square of the Twenty-fifth of May.

"As if we should name Boston Common 'Fourth of July Park,'" says Gladys. "How much Argentina thinks of independence!"

"She needs Christ's freedom, too," says Grace softly.

It is too bad that we cannot visit more of the missions in Argentina, but we have all Brazil to see, and we must hasten on. We will hunt up the rest on the map when we get home.

So, in a minute, the merry crowd of the *Speedaway* is floating across the wide, brown river into another republic, Uruguay. Then the Pilot exclaims, "I see a mountain!"

The Passengers laugh a little, for Kenneth's mountain is only a modest hill, which we should never have noticed at all had we not been for some time in a country as flat as a floor.

Yet they need not laugh at you, Kenneth. Ferdinand Magellan, the bold navigator, sailing by this coast on his famous voyage around the world, said just that, but he said it in Spanish, "*Monte video*."

"Montevideo is the capital of Uruguay!" exclaims Elizabeth. "Here it is close by the mountain."

It is a fine old Spanish town. Look carefully below now and you will see the fine new church of the Methodist Mission, the North American Academy for boys and the girls' school, another Crandon Hall.

Edward, whose home is in the country, says that Uruguay

with its thousands of sheep and cattle in the wide fields, looks like one great pasture lot, and then, all in a minute, we are in another republic and a third republic is at the west of us.

"We are in the large republic, Brazil," John says, "and the little republic across the river is Paraguay. There are not many people in Paraguay, only about as many as in the city of Boston, and about three fourths of them are Indians."

A good geography lesson, John. Now give us the great field-glass and we will look across the country to the little capital, Asunción, to see the Methodist missionary schools there, one for girls and one for boys.

Steer to the northeast, Pilot, 1,200 miles from Montevideo.

As we sail first over the green hills of the southeastern coast, and then for five hundred miles or so over the most beautiful sea our eyes have looked upon since we were in the Mediterranean, the Passengers want a story about the discovery of Brazil.

The Portuguese navigator who first sighted the coast was sent out by Vasco Da Gama to make a voyage to India along the coast of Africa, in the year 1500. His name was Pedro Cabral. If you were Brazilian school boys and girls you would have a holiday on the third of May each year, to celebrate his landing.

"And then," says Herbert, "the Portuguese came here and settled?"

Yes, after a time, but as they found no gold here they did not come at once, for they, too, wanted gold, gold, gold. When, however, they discovered that there were many things in Brazil that could be exchanged for gold, they came in great numbers.

Now there are four times as many Portuguese people in Brazil as there are in Portugal across the sea.

"Did they find many Indians?" asks one of the Passengers.

Yes, the hills and forests were full of Indians quiet and

friendly, though they had no cities and temples like the Incas; and the white men made them work like slaves. But the poor red men had staunch friends in the Jesuits, led by Father Anchieta, who gathered them in towns, taught them, and cared for them. For this the colonists hated the priests and drove many of them out into the wilderness or across the sea. But the Jesuits had taught their religion to the Indians and the Portuguese themselves could not forget it, so Brazil, like the other countries of South America, became a land of crosses, images, and stories of saints. In 1779, Henry Martyn, the great missionary, stopping here on his way to India, said, "Crosses there are in abundance, but when shall the cross of Christ be lifted up?"

We are nearing Rio de Janeiro. We must pay a visit here, see the town and greet the missionaries.

"Do you think we had better stop there?" says Herbert anxiously. "My uncle went there once. He said the mountains were splendid, but the streets were so narrow and close that you could hardly breathe in them, and almost everybody had the yellow fever."

Yes, I think it will be safe for us; and now here we are in the wide bay of January. Sail above the city, Pilot, and land us on the great mountain opposite the bay.

The Passengers utter two words, "Grand," and "Splendid," and then they say no more. When we have looked away to the Organ Mountains and found the "Sleeping Giant" and the "Sugar Loaf," a third of a mile high in the bay, Gladys says, "It doesn't look bad, let's go down."

Here is a story for you and then we will go. Look yonder and see the island out there in the harbor. In the year 1555 three small ships came sailing into the bay of Rio. They brought three hundred of those Bible-loving, persecuted people of France, the Huguenots, who in this beautiful spot thought they had found peace and safety. There, on the island, they

built their houses and their little church. Later, there came more colonists and ministers with them to preach to them and to teach the Indians. But the captain in charge of the colony proved a traitor, and, with the Portuguese, treated the colonists cruelly. The settlement was soon broken up. Some went back to France in a poor, leaky vessel, almost starving by the way; others were driven out into the wilderness. One of these was John Boles, who with his friends began to teach the Indians. The priests found him, put him in prison for eight years, and finally brought him back to Rio de Janeiro and put him to death.

Now descend, Pilot, into Avenida Central.

The Passengers utter that one word, "Splendid" again. Then they look reproachfully at Herbert.

"It really beats the Ringstrasse," declares John. "And see the wide street running out of it. What do you say now, Herbert?"

It means that Herbert had not learned the news. His uncle was here about three years ago. The big city has waked up since then and put on her new dress, which cost millions upon millions of dollars.

"Oh my! Isn't it fine?" says Harry.

"It must be so much better for the missionaries," Grace thinks.

It is, indeed. What Herbert said about the old city was very true. The missionaries suffered a great deal here, and a number of them died of yellow fever.

"When did they begin to come here?" asks the older Juniors.

The Methodist Mission of the South was first, in 1836. They decided, like Mr. Brigham and Mr. Parvin, that South America was not quite ready for them. About twenty years afterward there came a Scotch physician, Dr. Kalley, who sold Bibles, gave out tracts, and did much good here in Rio, and

whose work is still going on. Then came the Presbyterian people who built Mackenzie College, like the "Institute," which we saw at Santiago, at the city of Sao Paulo (or St. Paul), about two hundred miles southeast. Later the Baptists came; down in southern Brazil there are the Episcopal missions. Besides these there are five other missionary societies here.

Little Ruth would like to go and find the window with the open Bibles and pictures. So we find our way next to Caixa do Correio 454, and call on the Rev. H. C. Tucker, who has been selling Bibles and sending out colporteurs here since 1876. Mr. Tucker tells us that he has sent out in all those years over seven hundred thousand copies of the Bible, and that the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Society are working together. He tells us how, here in Rio, Miss Annie Marchant and Miss Annette go out with their Bibles, calling from house to house and reading and explaining Bible stories to the women and children. And oh! we wish we could stay and hear some of his stories of Bible adventure. We must read them in "The Bible in Brazil," when we reach home.

Now we hasten back to Central Avenue.

Rev. S. R. Gammon of the Presbyterian Mission of the South has given us an invitation to visit the fine schools at Lavras, a town among the green hills west of Rio. Get out the great field-glass, John, and let us look over there to see the fine new school building and the five hundred boys and girls, for we must not tarry. We will also send our greetings to Mr. Gammon, and say that we are very glad to hear that his boys and girls are giving their hearts to Christ.

All aboard the *Speedaway*.

Follow the coast, Pilot, for about two thousand miles to the mouth of the Amazon River.

We shall have time only to salute the mission stations at Pernambuco and Bahia.

"How beautiful the sea is!"

"How hot it grows!"

The Passengers have no sooner said these things than, presto change! We are there where the Amazon, pouring its brown waters into the Atlantic Ocean, looks like a wide sea.

"I'd like to be a colporteur and carry a lot of Bibles up the river on one of those steamboats," says Edward.

I heard of a fine lot of freight that was carried by one of the boats the other day. It was a package of three thousand Bibles for the people away up the river on the borders of Bolivia.

"Look at the city down there!" cry the Passengers. "It is as gay as Oporto."

This is the city of Para. It is a hard place for missionary work, because of the hot climate, but it is a good place for it, too, because so many people come here from far up the river to sell their coffee, rubber, and medicine bark. If they hear the Gospel they may carry it far into Central Brazil, where the missionaries have not yet been able to work. Mr. Nelson, one of the missionaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, used to walk up and down the river bank with a package of Bibles under his arm, talking to the men going to and fro, near the docks.

Steer to the northwest, Pilot.

Over the high plateau of southern Guiana we sail, the only country in South America where the people worship God without images and saint-stories, and on to the next republic, which is, as Harry tells us, Venezuela.

"Here is another Spanish city," say the Passengers. "It is Caracas."

Descend into the central square, Pilot.

John leads the way at once to the statue in the center of the plaza. It is Simon Bolivar who planned and fought and gave his fortune to set the countries of north South America

free from Spain, the man for whom the republic of Bolivia is named. He was born in Venezuela.

When Mr. Thomson went through the countries of South America, from 1820 to 1825, opening schools in which the Bible was used for the reading lesson, Bolivar had a school for priests changed into one of these free Bible schools, and he ordered others to be opened in many of the towns of Venezuela and Colombia.

But, as we have seen, these countries lost the Golden Key, and after a few years were in the prison houses under the priests again. We must help them to hold it fast this time.

The Passengers will take one more walk together before we sail for home. Once more we find the House of Bibles, and then we call upon our friends the missionaries. We find four societies here, the South American Missionary Society and the Brethren of England among them. The missionaries of the Presbyterian church, who came here in 1897, tell us the work is just beginning. "Who will come to help?" they ask.

"Some of us will come when we are old enough," answer the Juniors.

Rise from the plaza of Caracas, Pilot, and take an easterly course to the island of Trinidad: thence northwest to the city of New York.

"We're on the track of Columbus again," says John, as the three mountain peaks of Trinidad Island come into view. "He discovered this island and named it, on his third voyage. It seems pleasant to get back to our old friend again and think of all he did for us in discovering the new world."

Crew and Passengers of the missionary airship, *Speedaway*, Little Helpers, Busy Bees, Willing Workers, Sunbeams, Rosebuds and the host of Juniors, are very thoughtful now and the Crew speak for them.

Elizabeth says, "It looks to me as if it would be a good

thing for us to help send the Gospel not only to the countries that gave us Columbus, but to the lands that Columbus gave to us."

"I believe we ought to do it," says Herbert earnestly, and Gladys adds, "Perhaps God made ours the 'Sweet Land of Liberty' first, so that we could help the others."

"They all need good, brave colporteurs and agents of the Bible Society," Edward thinks. "I'm going to be one of those when I'm a man, but I have seen so many people that need Bibles that I can't tell yet to which land I will go."

"I'm going to earn money on purpose to pay for missionaries and Bibles when I'm a man," is Harry's word.

"The countries are all ready now," Grace says last. "They welcome the missionaries, they like the missionary schools, and they are beginning to see that the Bible is really the Golden Key to true liberty."

We have come again into New York Harbor, the spring sun is shining on the great statue of Liberty, and the clear voices of the Juniors are saying together:

"What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free
Held in your safe command;
Would you breathe free air
While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

"Yet what else are we doing,
Dear ones by Christ made free,
If we will not tell
What we know so well
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the cross of Calvary?"

WHO CAN REMEMBER?

1. Whom might we have met crossing the Andes in the year 1824?
2. What missions and schools did we find in Buenos Ayres?
3. What church did we see in Montevideo, and what schools at Asuncion?
4. Tell about the Huguenots in Brazil.
5. What American missionaries first began work in this country?
6. What society is working in south Brazil?
7. What college did we find at Sao Paulo, and what schools at Lavras?
8. What societies are working in Venezuela?





REVIEW

BIBLE LESSON: ALL THE MEMORY TEXTS

Psa. cxvii.

The Missionary Journey

WE the Juniors have been taking a long imaginary or make-believe airship journey, looking down upon many countries, their high mountains, their rivers and cities, and their people. As you can guess by the name of our airship, the *Speedaway*, this was a missionary journey. We cannot go to the mission lands to teach and preach yet, though some of us may do so by and by. But now is the time for us to learn about the people who need the Gospel, and the missionaries who carry it to them. It was for this purpose that we made our airship journey.

The Countries — Map Exercise

We sailed over twenty-three countries in all. I will point to them on the map.

How we Followed Columbus

(Paper or talk by one of the older Juniors.)

What we Carried

Each one of the Juniors had not only a ticket, but a dress-suit case, like this (showing a mite-box) to be filled by the way. For when you are learning about missionaries, you must always try to help them.

What we Saw

The countries which we visited are not really heathen lands, for the people living there have heard of the one true

God, who made all things; but these people are making many mistakes about God. They do not pray to Him alone as the Bible teaches us to do, but to saints, images, and the Mother of Jesus. This is because they have not had the Bible to read; and they are not honest, truthful, and loving, as Jesus teaches us to be.

Some of the Missionaries we Met

(Let the Juniors guess the names of the "missionaries" as they speak, and as the answer is given have the name and station written upon the blackboard.)

1. I was the first missionary to the land now called Italy. I was carried there a prisoner, and I was chained to a soldier. But, for two years, in my "own hired house," I received all who came to me, teaching them Jesus and the resurrection.

2. When I was a young man, I made a visit to Rome, and climbed the Holy Staircase on my knees, but I seemed to hear a voice telling me that to be saved I need only to believe in Jesus. I translated the Bible into my own language, thus giving the Golden Key to my country.

3. My home was in a city in the south of France, nearly eight hundred years ago. A priest told me that I ought to sell all I had and give my money to the poor. This I did, then having studied the Bible and learned about the love of Jesus, I went about telling it to other people. Many in my own city and country became Christians and were named after me. For many years they were cruelly persecuted.

4. I went as a missionary, in the year 1875, to a very famous old city, and began work in a hall near the old prison in which the first great Foreign Missionary was for a time confined.

5. I lived about a hundred years before Martin Luther. I did not think the pope and the priests were doing right. I preached the Gospel boldly in an old church in a famous old city visited by the Juniors.

6. I am a missionary of your own time in a land where Bible-loving people lived five hundred years ago, but were persecuted and driven out. The boys and girls are taught religion, but it does not make them truthful and good. The missionaries have twenty-four churches, eighteen Sunday schools, and several Christian Endeavor Societies in this country.

7. I was a boy about twelve years old when Martin Luther went to Rome. I learned by reading the Bible that the religion that the priests taught was not right. I preached to the people of my country until thousands of them loved and obeyed God's word. Many of them were persecuted and driven from their homes. Some of them came to America.

8. In the summer of 1872 I went with my wife (or my husband) to a country not far from my own. There, in the large capital city, we saw many poor, unhappy people whom we longed to help. We gave them tracts and Bible stories then, and the next year we went to live among them and opened the mission which is now the largest in that country.

9. I am a missionary in a small kingdom where the people were once famous navigators and brave sailors. In the bright, interesting city in which I live there is an image which the fishermen found in their nets one day, and which the people consider very sacred.

10. I was a colporteur, many years ago, in a country in which the people had very few schools and no Bibles. Sometimes I was arrested and put in prison for selling my Bibles, but as soon as I was set at liberty, I went on selling them again and telling all whom I met the Gospel story.

11. I went to a beautiful country of Europe with my husband, to teach the Gospel, about twenty years ago. My first school was two little boys; then two older girls. From this small beginning there has grown up a very large Christian college and a Normal School for girls.

12. I was a little girl when I came to the United States from Cuba, about twenty years ago. While living here I went to Sunday school, and I loved my Sunday school very dearly. I was oh! so sorry to leave it and go back to Cuba. When I was almost a young lady I came back to this country and helped in the work of the Southern Baptist Convention for my people.

13. I have an office in a beautiful old capital city not far from the United States, and it has two show windows in which there are open Bibles. In my office is also a great map on which are pasted little slips with names on them.

14. I was the first Bible missionary to a neighboring country, about sixty years ago. At first I opened a school on the border of the country, then I boldly went in and opened another school, gave out tracts and sold Bibles.

15. I sell Bibles in a very interesting little republic where there all kinds of people busy doing a very wonderful piece of work.

16. About the year 1820 I made a long journey in a great land. I was forming Bible societies and opening schools in which the Bible should be read.

17. I am from Texas. I have left my home to be a missionary in a country not far away that seemed to be forgotten by societies that were sending the Gospel to far-away lands.

18. I was the first Bible missionary in a country where the people have been seldom at peace among themselves. The priests made the work very hard for me, and it was many years before the people learned to care for the Gospel.

19. In the year 1898 I opened a school for poor children in a large city about 5,000 miles away. The South American Missionary Society took up my work and now has four or five schools teaching 4,000 boys and girls.

20. I was for forty years agent of the American Bible

Society. I, with my colporteurs, sold more than a million Bibles.

21. I, too, am an agent of the American Bible Society. You may find me at the Bible House in a great and beautiful city.

22. I walk up and down the bank of a great river, near its mouth, with a package of Bibles under my arm, talking with the men I meet and selling my Bibles.

HYMN: Speed Away.

MITE BOX OPENING.

SOCIAL TIME AND "ART EXHIBIT."





A GOLDEN GIFT AT CHRISTMAS TIME

FOR this lesson the room may be decorated with Christmas green with yellow ("gold") intermingled, and, if desired, the symbolic key may be used. Envelopes bearing the "gold key" may be given out at a previous meeting, for the offering.

MUSIC

Scripture

Luke ii. 8-14.	Read by the Girls.
Matt. ii. 1-11.	Read by the Boys.

MUSIC

Exercise by Five Younger Juniors

1. I wish that o'er Judea's plains,
I might have seen the wondrous light
That shone around the shepherds there,
On the first Christmas night.
2. I wish I could have heard in clear,
Sweet tones the shining angel say,
"Fear not, for unto you is born
The Saviour, Christ, to-day."
3. And oh, how glad I would have been
To hear the angels carol then
The song that rings and echoes yet,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
4. The star so bright I would have seen,
That led the wise men by its glow;
That must have been the greatest joy
A trusting heart could know.
5. With them, I would have brought my gifts
Of fragrant, precious things and gold,
To lay before the Prince of Peace —
All, all my hands could hold.

MUSIC

Recitation :

We may not see the holy light
That shone o'er Bethlehem that night
Nor hear the angels singing near
Where Jesus in the manger lay,
Nor with the wise men find the way
Led by the star so large and clear;

We may not with the Magi bow
Before the infant Saviour now,
And bring our costly gifts to Him,
But in our hearts the angel song
May sweetly echo all day long,
The Bethlehem star shine never dim,

While gifts of heart and life and love
We offer to our King above;
For, when the angel voices sweet
Were hushed in Judea's sky afar,
And wise men saw no more the star
That led them to the Christchild's feet,

The Saviour said, "The loving thought,
The gift in loyal fulness brought,
The gentle ministry,
A helping hand in kindness shown
Unto the least of these my own,
Are given unto Me."

Recitation :

What do you think I had for Christmas?
Grandmother says it is better than gold,
Father said that I was to have it
When I was bigger and seven years old.

No, not a watch, for that might get broken;
This is to keep all my whole life long;
Mother says I must always use it;
It will make me manly and wise and strong.

I can take it to church if I want to,
 'Course I will take it to Juniors too;
 If you had such a beautiful *Bible*,
 You would carry it, wouldn't you?

My Bible has just the best stories in it,
 Noah and Samson and David and Paul;
 I like to hear them told over and over, —
 Joseph and Daniel and Peter and all.

Then there's the very *best* story; you know it,
 All about Christmas — the first Christmas night,
 When angels sang and the sky was all shining
 With a clear, beautiful, wonderful light.

Don't you think *this* is a pretty fine present?
 Don't you think now I am almost a man,
 When I can read in my splendid new Bible?
 Now you just listen and see if I can.

(Reads Luke 2:10.)

Recitation by two Older Boys :

1. Noblemen of the highest rank in Spain, used sometimes to receive as a token of honor, from the king, a gold key, which they wore at the belt, to show that they had a right to enter at any time the royal palace. I think that our Bible is like a golden key, opening to those who possess it the treasure-house of the King of Kings.

2. In another sense, we may speak of our Bible as a golden key. Those who have not its teaching of our Heavenly Father and the Gospel story of Jesus, and who are trying to make a way to Heaven for themselves, are like people who are slaves or prisoners. By reading the Bible they may gain "the liberty wherewith Christ sets us free."

Duet or Chorus. — Air: "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Oh, how precious is the Bible,
 Telling of our Father's love,
 Telling of the only Saviour
 And of Heaven bright above!
 Help us, Lord, aright to prize it
 And its lessons safe to hold,
 For it opens wide thy treasures
 As a key of purest gold.

Oh, how wondrous is the Bible
With its story sweet and true,
Jesus' life on earth so holy
And His death for me and you.
And the message sung by angels
Sets our souls from darkness free,
Opens to us light and blessing
Like a precious golden key.

Oh, how glorious is the Bible,
Gift of God unto His own!
He hath given to us freely;
Make the priceless treasure known.
Send the Bible and its story
Over mountain, plain, and sea,
Till the message of salvation
Makes the waiting nations free.

EXERCISE

Appropriate costumes will add much to the interest of this exercise, but the various nations may be denoted simply by their flags carried by the children who represent them. Three of the Juniors are grouped about a table draped with our own flag, upon which are ten Bibles. Each "nation" represented by a boy or girl enters, and recites the verse assigned. One of the Juniors responds with the accompanying Scripture text, at the same time presenting him a copy of the Bible. Those representing the nations remain upon the platform or grouped about the table until after the closing song. Spain and Portugal will, of course, be represented by two, the West Indies, Central America, East and West South America, by groups corresponding to the numbers of countries represented.

First Junior: The gifts of the Magi to the Prince of Peace were gold, frankincense, and myrrh, treasures for kings. Our gifts to Him at Christmas should also be the most precious things.

Second Junior: We bring our gifts to Him now by helping those who are in need. There are still many, many millions of people who

have not our precious golden key. I think the Bible would be the very best Christmas gift for them, and by it we should make glad the heart of our King who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

ITALY

In our beautiful land beyond the sea,
We have heard of your wonderful golden key —
An ancient key of priceless worth,
That opens to freedom and peace on earth.
Some in our land its power have known,
We would like to make it wholly our own.

Response: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." — John viii. 32.

AUSTRIA

In my land still linger the shadows of night,
We know that your country is free and bright.
Can you give us the light so clear and sweet,
The light that has guided your own glad feet?

Response: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." — Psalm cxix. 105.

FRANCE

In our land of beauty and art and wrong,
Where the darkness lay and the night was long,
We are catching a glimpse of the true and free,
Will you bring us your worship of liberty?

Response: "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." — Psalm xix. 8.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

The ships sped forth from our lands away
To find the land that is yours to-day.
Have you aught to send us in return?
You have a joy that we fain would learn.

Response: "That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee." — Prov. xxii. 19.

THE WEST INDIES

The islands are looking to you to-night
For strength and wisdom and freedom and light.
Darkness lingers and hope is dim;
We need your Christ; will you lead us to Him?

Response: "So faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." — Rom. x. 17.

MEXICO

You need not traverse land and sea
To bring the choicest of gifts to me.
See, on the borderland here, I wait,
Your neighbor with open hand at your gate.

Response: "Keep therefore and do them, for this is your understanding in the sight of the nations." — Deut. iv. 6.

CENTRAL AMERICA

As children we come in our need to say,
"Teach us the love of your Christ, we pray."
Wisdom and peace and truth would we know,
Guide us and teach us the way we should go.

Response: . . . "The Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." — 2 Tim. iii. 15.

SOUTH AMERICA, WESTERN REPUBLICS

Up from the shores of the western sea,
Sister countries, we come to thee.
We love not darkness; we would be free;
Teach us the perfect liberty.

Response: "Blessed is he that readeth and they that keep the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein." — Rev. i. 3.

SOUTH AMERICA, EASTERN REPUBLICS

Light and freedom and order stand
 Guarding the shores of thy own fair land.
 Teach us thy secret; thy wisdom unfold,
 Grant us, we pray thee, thy key of gold.

Response: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." — Josh. i. 8.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." — Isa. xl. 8.

Chorus

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
 Tells of His love in the Book he has given,
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
 This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
 I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me."

OFFERING

SONG OR RECITATION

"The Age of Gold"

"It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold;
 'Peace to the earth, good will to man,
 From heaven's all gracious King':
 The earth in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

"Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled;

And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

“For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.”



